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MARCH 27, 1987

Reagan: What Next?
—An Editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW

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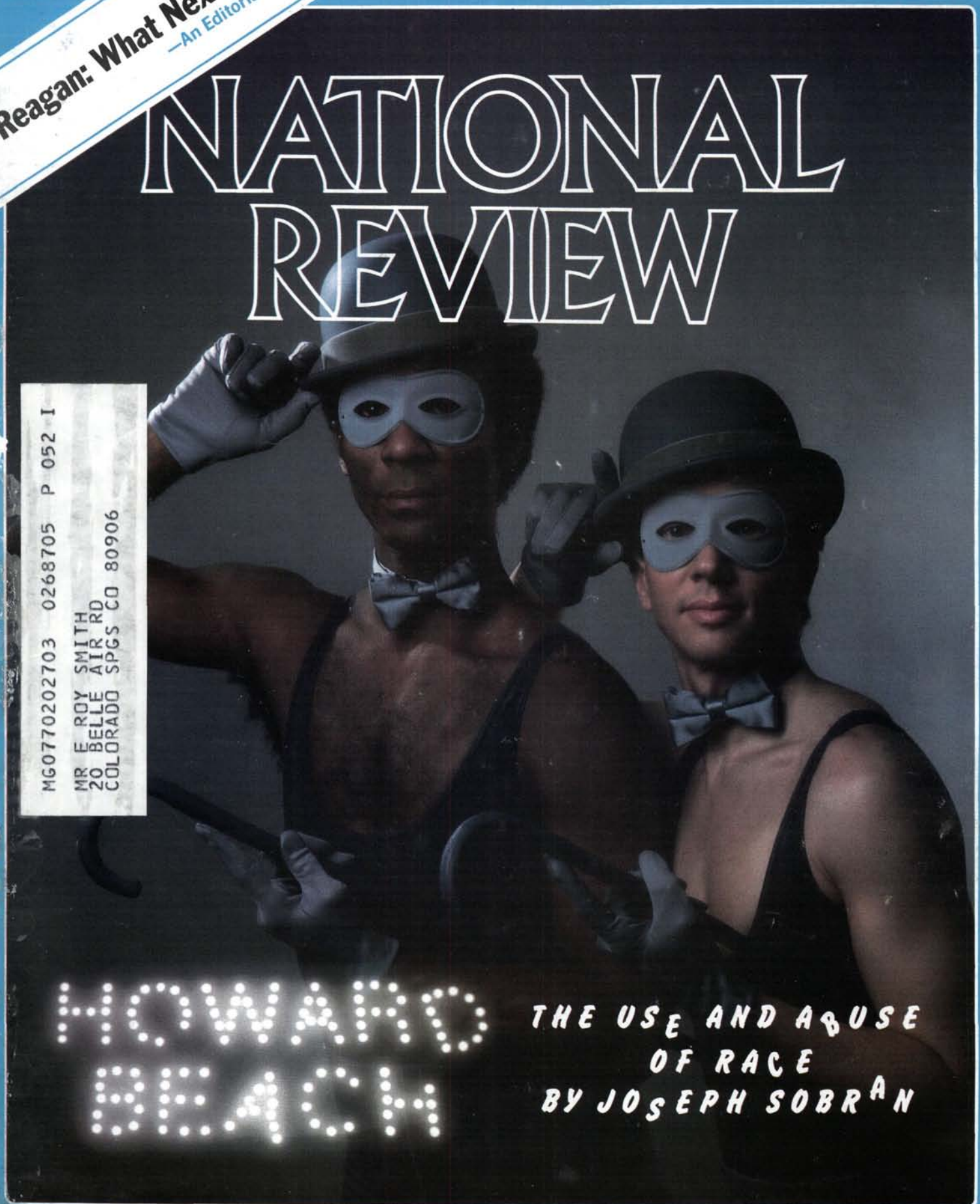

HOWARD BEACH

THE USE AND ABUSE OF RACE
BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

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James E. Oberg Probes KAL 007: How Much Do We Know?

John P. Roche Offers Reagan a Lesson from LBJ

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Toward a more competitive America—II

Savings=investment=productivity

Economic growth—the creation of a bigger economic pie—is the only way in which a society can raise its standard of living. It's the best way to realize the goals individuals and society set for themselves: a decent home to live in, an adequate diet, adequate health care, a good education system, and the opportunity for each citizen to do meaningful work.

And what spurs economic growth, as we pointed out last week, is heightened productivity. Not only does productivity create wealth, it also allows America to compete successfully in the worldwide marketplace. And productivity, in turn, stems from investment in plant, equipment, technology, and education.

Investment—the ultimate fuel that keeps the economy moving—is the product of savings. When individual Americans put part of their paychecks aside—in bank accounts, pension plans, or almost anyplace else except under the mattress—that money is available for the investment that helps produce future paychecks. The same is true when companies reinvest part of what they earn. But money isn't available for investment when it flows to the deficit-ridden federal government.

Unfortunately, although savings are crucial to productivity and economic growth, Americans trail most of their foreign competitors in the rate at which they save. In 1984, for example, Americans saved 4.8 percent of their net disposable personal income—a key source of investment capital. The West Germans saved 10.8 percent and the Japanese 20 percent. It isn't surprising, therefore, that in 1984, the last year for which consistent international comparisons are available, 27.8 percent of Japan's gross domestic product went into capital formation and investment. The West Germans invested 20.2 percent. The Americans? Just 18 percent.

Predictably, the statistics on savings and investment carry over into the productivity tables. For the years 1973 through 1985, productivity in the manufacturing/producing sector of the Japanese economy grew at an average rate of 5.6 percent a year. In West Germany growth averaged 3.7 percent. In the U.S., productivity increased by an annual average of only 2.2 percent.

But the American proclivity to spend and consume, rather than save and invest, isn't a trait inexorably etched into our national genes. Rather, it's a reaction to several factors—not the least of which is the U.S. Internal Revenue Code.

American tax law has long favored consumption over savings. The income earned by money invested is taxed; the pleasure of buying something and using it isn't. The new tax law worsens this bias. Under the new code, the IRAs and 401(k) plans that made savings attractive for the individual are severely restricted. Gone or sharply curtailed are such inducements for businesses to make capital improvements as the investment tax credit and accelerated depreciation. These and a host of other changes will cost business $120 billion over the next five years—money that could have gone into precisely the kind of plant, equipment, and research that boost productivity.

By coincidence, the Japanese are also in the process of overhauling their tax code. But from all we've read and seen, their legislators aren't about to impede their country's productivity.

Next: Let's look at Japan

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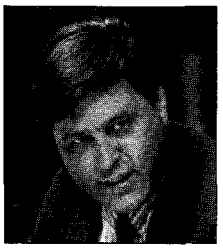
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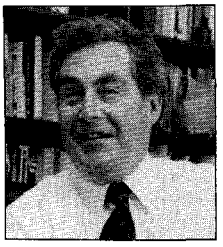
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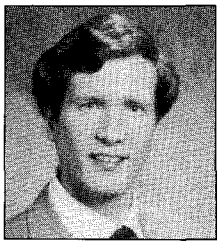
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Cover photograph by Don Brewster
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Keith Young, Keith Young Dance
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LETTERS

Put Out to Pasteur

Michael Fumento ["Some Dare Call Them Robber Barons," March 13] rightly points out that the robber barons of yesteryear weren't necessarily rapacious capitalists held in check by humanitarians. But he should also have noted that there were and will always be exceptions to the rule. So while it's true that most robber barons were like Leland Stanford —simultaneously governor of California and president of the Southern Pacific Railroad—other entrepreneurs, like J. J. Hill, weren't dependent on (and thus didn't abuse) government subsidies. Hill built the Great Northern line without a penny of Uncle Sam's dough. Ironically, he was the first to be slapped with an antitrust suit.

Nonetheless, Hill is proof that pure capitalism *can* exist in practice as well as theory. Observe a more recent example involving milk in New York State. The price fell seventy cents a gallon after the cartel (trust) was busted. Big business and big labor wanted to maintain the monopoly, but for once the consumer—the real lifeblood of capitalism —was spared at the expense of the usually pampered producer.

Jack Madison
Alexandria, Va.

Mission: Deployment

Robert Jastrow is right. If by 1995 the United States does not have in place an adequate defense against Soviet missiles, the Kremlin will be able to put the wraps on us ["America Has Five Years Left," Feb. 13]. There is no alternative to the deployment of SDI within the next two years. If we do not deploy, the cold war will finally come to an end, along with much else. However, even in this bleak scenario there is a bright spot. If the worst happens, the *New York Times* will go the way of *La Prensa*, and Tony Lewis and Tom Wicker will be condemned to the Mojave Desert and forced to memorize their old columns.

But seriously, it is a grave prospect indeed, and *NR* is to be congratulated for letting Mr. Jastrow raise the alarm in its pages.

Kenneth Zaretzke
Gaithersburg, Md.

I agree strongly with Jack Kemp that "nothing could do more to inhibit the use, or even the threat, of force by the totalitarians than a secure defense for the democracies" ["The Politics of SDI," Dec. 31]. Unfortunately, Kemp, like Jim Courter, Malcolm Wallop, and others in the Republican Party, has clung consistently to the argument that SDI is needed because without it we are vulnerable. Forget that a theoretical defense (the ability to destroy Soviet cities upon the Soviets' destroying ours) has proven perfectly stable over the last four decades. MAD is mad—period.

Not until M. Stanton Evans's article, also in the December 31 issue, have I found anyone who cites the *real* reason for strategic defenses: ". . . we can't possibly afford to risk a Soviet attack on our homeland, and therefore must avoid doing anything that might conceivably escalate to such an outcome—such as helping the Hungarians, winning the war in Vietnam, or taking effective measures to assist the Afghan freedom-fighters." MAD thus negates the ultimate goal of the Reagan Doctrine—the ideal of self-determination. It is the final defense of those who trample on human rights, because it links the survival of free nations to the survival of totalitarian nations.

The real question is whether we care enough to give enslaved people a chance to be free, whether we are going to fight to extend the liberties that our forefathers fought for to others.

Chris Lanzi
Smyrna, Ga.

Un-American Activities?

Regarding Richard Brookhiser's comments on New York ["My New York, My New York," Feb. 13], I must agree that it is a great city in more than size alone. Is it, however, the premier "American city," or rather an international city in the tradition of Alexandria, Beirut, or Hong Kong?

New York is indeed a grand place to enjoy an Italian opera, to contemplate a German symphony, to puzzle over a modern Spanish painting, to endure an avant-garde Japanese play, to shudder at the latest pornographic Swedish film. Can New York, however, claim to offer anything to American civilization that is homegrown?

While the center of publishing, it has not produced a writer of the first rank since the days of Irving. It is the bank-

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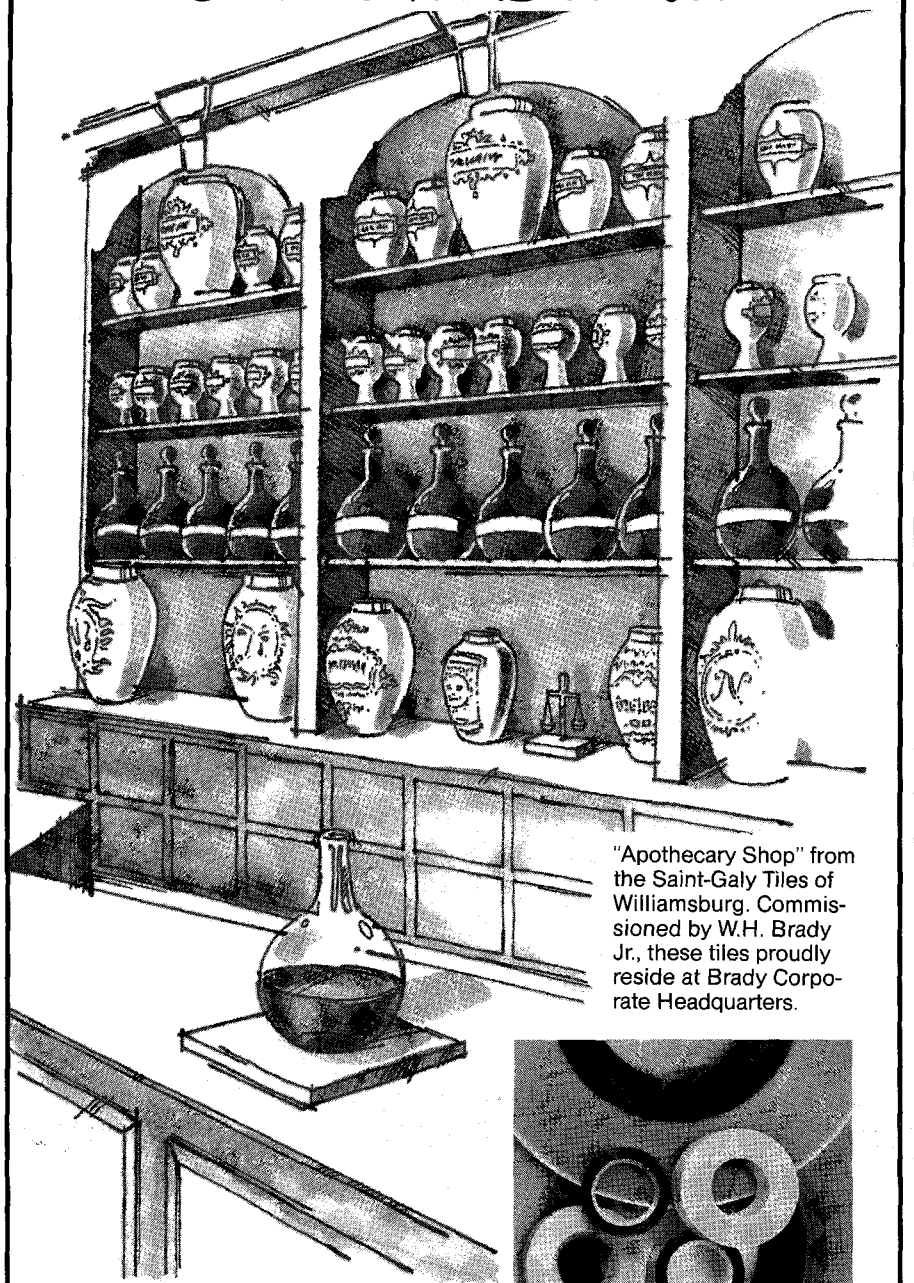

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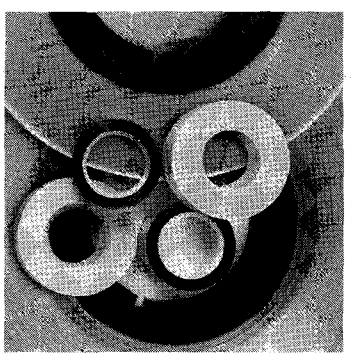

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141-049

ing center of the Western world, but not one major American industry is centered there. In architecture it has been playing catchup with Chicago for a hundred years. Not one form of native American music originated in New York, it taking a back seat to New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, and Nashville. In the native culinary arts it is a joke compared to New Orleans, San Francisco, Baltimore, and even Boston. Even in the dubious area of fad and fashion, New York has been following California's lead for decades. Only in the theater, of all the arts, does New York lead the rest of the nation, and theater was always primarily a New York taste.

New York may be a city of world *Kultur*, but it has played little part in forming the American character, building a distinctly American civilization, or creating an American style in the arts.

Michael Donohoo
Wood River, Ill.

Keep Off the Dole

I want to register more than a mild demurrer to a statement in "Gipperdämmerung? Cui Bono?" ["The Week," Jan. 30]. The author waxes enthusiastic about Bob Dole's "elegant sense of political showmanship and impeccable timing" in the wake of Irangate. I am not impressed.

Dole may have managed to "grab headlines," but he looked harried and hassled, and showed little grace under pressure. He was obviously trying to distance himself from the President, and his repeated calls for the appointment of a "Watergate-style prosecutor" were the height of verbal ineptitude.

Why conjure up a train of association connected with the word "Watergate"? From a master of wit, repartee, and caustic putdown, one could expect a better performance. On the other hand, Jack Kemp did extremely well. His balanced speech in Lafayette Park showed courage and loyalty. He may not have outdone Pat Buchanan's rhetorical brilliance, but he does deserve *NR*'s applause for standing by the President.

Magnus J. Krynski
Durham, N.C.

NOW Was Then

My compliments on your timely article ["The New Pro-Life Rebels," by Maggie Gallagher, Feb. 27] concerning pro-life feminists. I have been a "feminist for life" for many years, and consider the priorities of NOW to be elitist and short-sighted at best. Its leadership not only alienates women who choose not to be cheerleaders for abortion but, in its

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eagerness to score a few "wins" over men, has done much to reinforce negative attitudes toward feminists.

A recent example comes to mind. The local NOW chapter (Columbus, Ohio) planned to boycott the fundraising drive of an all-male charitable organization. Why? Because women are excluded from joining the organization. But to whom do these nasty male chauvinists give 100 per cent of their charities? To poverty-stricken families, most of which are headed by single mothers.

Perhaps the narrow-minded ideology of NOW will foster its own demise. The sooner the better, for all women and our unborn babies.

Mary E. Kerr
Sunbury, Ohio

Tears of the WWCD

I must disagree with certain aspects of Jeffrey Hart's column "Ethnophobia, Heterophobia, and Liberal Fascism" [Feb. 13]. Although points such as "liberal fascism" are well taken, the idea that people can hate their own ethnic or cultural background ("ethnophobia") is wrong. Such seeming behavior is, I believe, merely advancing one's ethnic or cultural background by other means.

Except for true religious conversion to a faith, nothing so drives men and women as cultural background. We Americans live in a culture that feels that white, Western, Christian, democratic people (WWCD) are at the pinnacle of human ability, the only ones possessed of free will, and the center of all good and evil. This has been the case for hundreds of years and grows stronger. We routinely expect better behavior from WWCD people than from non-WWCD people (e.g., Germans versus Japanese in WW II). When non-WWCD people fall short, then some link to WWCD people is found, and it is explained that WWCDs forced non-WWCDs to behave in such a fashion (e.g., the Cambodian holocaust was due to U.S. destabilization). If no arguable link can be found, then the misbehavior is ignored on the basis that if a tree falls in the forest without a WWCD in earshot, then it makes no sound.

Two things are accomplished by this: WWCDs are held to a high moral code, and adherence to this code is made in public; non-WWCDs are implicitly less moral in that little is expected of them. The driving force of this perception is demonstrated by the willingness to obliterate a WWCD people in South Africa for failing the test.

Rowland R. Hill
Norristown, Pa.

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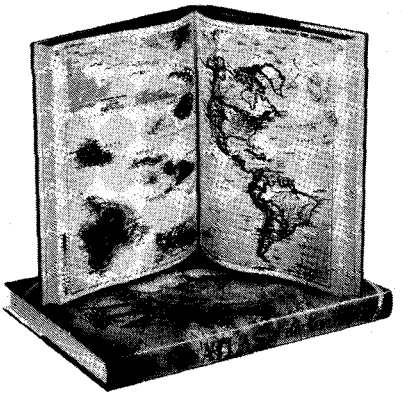

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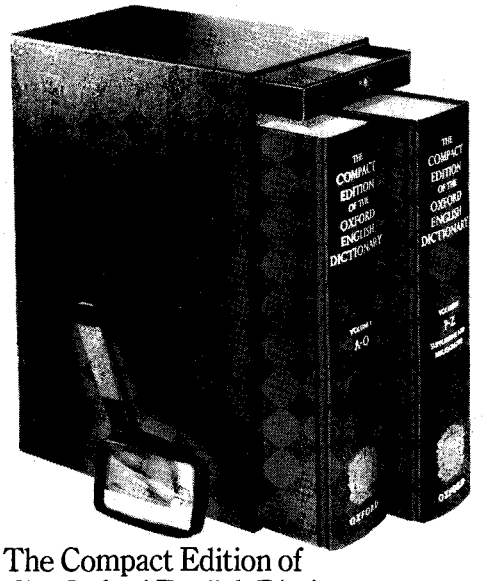

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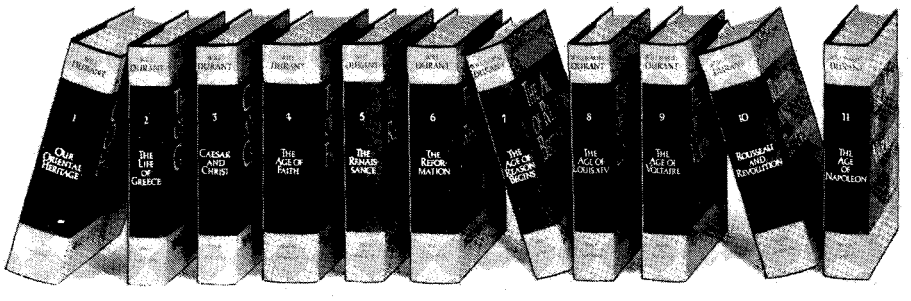

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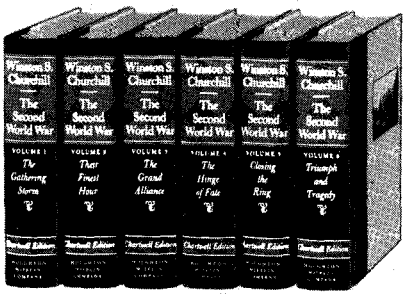
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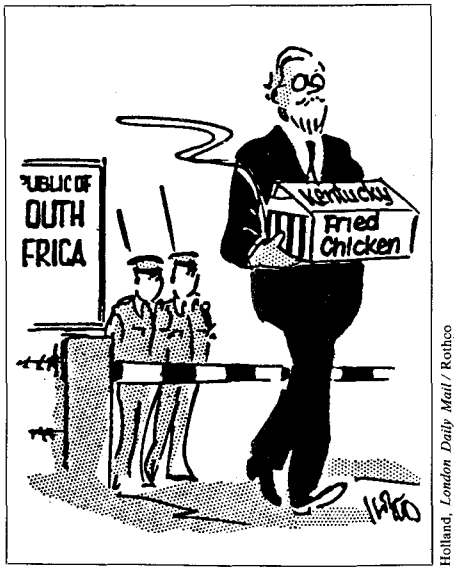
FOR THE RECORD

It's your first day on the job as White House chief of staff and how do things look? Today's *New York Times*/CBS News poll shows the Chief's ratings at a four-year low: 42 per cent approve of the way **Ronald Reagan** is handling his job; 46 per cent disapprove. Is RR really in charge? No, say 66 per cent; yes, say 24 per cent. Is he lying when he says he can't remember when he approved arms sales to Iran? Yes, say 51 per cent; no, say 35 per cent. . . . Another poll indicates 41 per cent of the people say they'll vote Democratic in 1988; only 26 will vote Republican. . . . A *Washington Post*/ABC poll indicates a renewed appetite for activist government: 63 per cent want more bucks for Social Security; 74 per cent, more bucks for Medicare; 46 per cent, more bucks for student loans. . . . On the other hand, the *NYT*/CBS poll finds that 62 per cent believe Reagan will exert tighter control over White House staff following **Tower** Report; 53 per cent believe Reagan has "more honesty and integrity [than] other people in public life," and, very interesting, when asked what they would do if it were a European-style question of a "no-confidence vote" that would bring down the Reagan Administration, 54 per cent indicated they would vote for Reagan, only 39 opted for "no confidence." . . . Columnists **Evans & Novak** believe choice of **Howard Baker** to replace **Don Regan** means there will be "no renewal of the Reagan Revolution." . . . Conservatives, always wary of the centrist Baker, pleased by appointment of **Kenneth Cribb** (from **Ed Meese** Justice Department) to transition team; they're watching **Gary Bauer**'s standing with Baker. Bauer, Deputy Secretary of Education under **William Bennett**, was appointed domestic-policy advisor before Howard Baker arrived on scene. . . . Under the har-de-har-har rubric, Sen. **Terry Sanford**'s essay in sanctimoniousness: "The Democrats take no comfort from the disaster that has befallen the Reagan Administration; we do not want an injured President."



Holland, *London Daily Mail*/Rothco

Who are the winners from **Cuomo**'s copout? According to political analyst **Kevin Phillips**: 1) Massachusetts Gov. **Michael Dukakis**, liberal, ethnic, populous Northeastern state, should appeal to same voters. 2) **Gary Hart**. Cuomo, says Phillips, was Hart's only "first-tier" rival; there's no way a second-tier candidate (**Jackson**, **Bradley**, **Biden**, **Gephardt**, **Babbitt**) can make it to first tier in the polls before Iowa, he says. . . . But with Cuomo out, where's the excitement? **Kirk O'Donnell** of Center for National Policy, a Democratic research organization, says "the charisma quotient in the race has been reduced by 50 per cent." . . . **E. William Crotty**, a Democratic fundraiser in Florida, thinks Hart will have trouble raising money: too liberal. "I'm absolutely petrified that we're going to lose by not having a moderate candidate," he says.

Selective *glasnost*: **Iosif Begun** was released weeks after most of the other 150 Soviet dissidents because, unlike the others, he refused to sign a pledge to refrain from "anti-Soviet activities." . . . *Manchester Guardian*'s **Martin Gilbert**, who was roughed up by Soviet plainclothesmen in free-Begun demonstrations, reports vicious anti-Semitism, crowd shouts of: "**Hitler** didn't get rid of enough of you." . . . Soviet Jewish dissident **Serafim Yevsukov**, still agitating to get out nine years after he applied for emigration visa, was hustled to a psychiatric clinic last week and given several shots before being released. . . . In China the axe has fallen on **Liu Xinwu**, editor of *People's Literature*. He has been fired and told to write a self-criticism. A recent novel he published was characterized as "a product of bourgeois liberalization and other unhealthy tendencies." . . . Columnist **Ralph de Toledano** wonders why the Progressive Conservative government of **Brian Mulroney** is stalling on parliamentary questions raised by **James Barros**'s *No Sense of Evil*. Namely, was former Liberal Prime Minister **Lester Pearson** a Soviet spy?

Alfred S. Regnery announces Winter edition of "Soviet Disinformation Forecast" is out. It includes analysis of Soviet campaign to blame U.S. for creating AIDS (Disinformation, 1130 17th St., N.W., Suite 620, Washington, D.C. 20036). . . . **Voice of America** is providing service comparable to BBC broadcasts to occupied Europe in WW II. It is recording personal messages from Afghans in exile that will be broadcast to their families in occupied Afghanistan three times daily. . . . *Variety* has weighed in with favorable review of **Neal B. Freeman**'s *The Conservatives*. "This is a sober, clear-eyed view of the movement . . . that provides an excellent documentation of how the philosophical tenets of a relative few [were] transformed into a tangible effect on the nation as a whole." Only problem: It was too short.

Rep. **Andrew Jacobs** (D., Ind.) thinks members of Congress and federal employees should be treated like other citizens if forced into bankruptcy, and has introduced legislation to that effect, "The Goose, Gander, and Sauce Act of 1987."

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THE WEEK

☐ Well, there goes Central America.

☐ Dr. C. Everett Koop, our surgeon general, is unduly enamored of the notion that the rate of transmission of sexual diseases—principally AIDS—could be decisively reduced if male participants in sexual acts used condoms. An obvious difficulty is that condoms are often ineffective. Furthermore, everyone, including homosexuals, knows about them anyway, and so the Koop hullabaloo seems excessive. Perhaps, appalled by AIDS projections, he felt he had to do *something*. Phyllis Schlafly points out an anomaly: Dr. Koop opposes smoking as vigorously as he opposes AIDS, but his approach to smoking is radically different, in that he encourages total abstinence. So why doesn't he advocate at least commitment and monogamy as a social antidote to AIDS? The condom is to venereal disease what the filter tip is to lung cancer: It cuts the odds—which may not be good enough where AIDS is concerned.

☐ In a preview of the presidential debate that could have been, Mario Cuomo and Jack Kemp squared off at a conference in Boca Raton recently. Kemp accused Cuomo of "trying to have it both ways" by claiming that Reagan has damaged the national economy, while at the same time claiming credit himself for New York's strong economic showing. Cuomo accused Kemp of "cheap shots." The moderator, Robert Novak, regretted that the two men will not be debating next year with the White House at stake. Cuomo joked, "Maybe for Jack's second term" in 1992.

☐ Congress, which overrode President Reagan in imposing sanctions against South Africa last fall, was impotent last week when UN Ambassador Vernon Walters rose in the Security Council to veto mandatory sanctions against Pretoria. The United States was joined in the veto by Britain and France. Japan and West Germany abstained. In explaining his vote, Mr. Walters made once again the weary though compelling argument that sanctions hurt South African blacks more than they do South African whites. But he also made another, new, and trenchant argument against UN sanctions. They would, he said, "tie our hands in the future." If, for instance, South Africa made strides to improve the conditions of its blacks and further dismantle apartheid, a United States that had acquiesced in UN sanctions would be unable to respond—to sweeten the kitty, so to speak, and encourage yet further improvements. Everyone knows that a UN sanction once imposed on South Africa would never be withdrawn so long as the unholy alliance of Communists and Third World nations dominates the politics of what Charles de Gaulle liked to call "*les soi-disant Nations Unies*."

☐ Mikhail Gorbachev will tour Latin America this year, and Mexico City is, not unexpectedly, an important part of his itinerary. Now we all know that Mexico has been an international fellow-traveler for years, siding with the Soviet Union in most UN disputes, hailing Castro as a great patriot and liberator, while lowering its voice just enough to appeal to U.S. bankers and tourists. During the Second World War, Mexico was the acknowledged center of Soviet hemispheric activity, until the sudden (and as yet unexplained) death in an airplane of Ambassador Konstantin Umansky in 1945. There are rumors now that the Soviet Union desires to open consulates in Ciudad Juárez (opposite El Paso) and Tijuana. Presumably the coming and going of spies is so dense, the Soviet Union needs more traffic cops. Time for the U.S. to get a little unpleasant on this one. It's as easy as to say: You can have Soviet consulates in Ciudad Juárez and Tijuana, or you can have U.S. tourists. You decide.

☐ "Yes, Georges Ibrahim Abdallah is guilty of the deeds of which he is accused [the murders of an American and an Israeli diplomat]," said the presiding judge, and "No. There are no extenuating circumstances. Consequently Georges Ibrahim Abdallah is sentenced to imprisonment for life." No one was more surprised by the severity of the sentence than the French people and media and the international community—except possibly Georges Ibrahim Abdallah. The prosecution had asked for "moderation," a ten-year sentence, to avoid a renewal of the terrorist attacks that took 13 lives in France last fall. But the judges refused to go along with the appeasers, and their severity has been applauded in all quarters. It just could be that the world has learned a lesson

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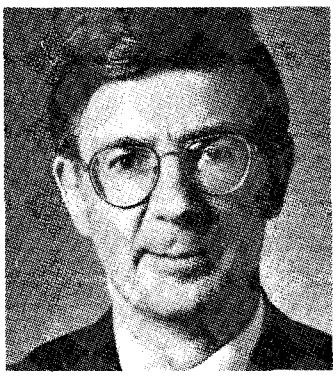

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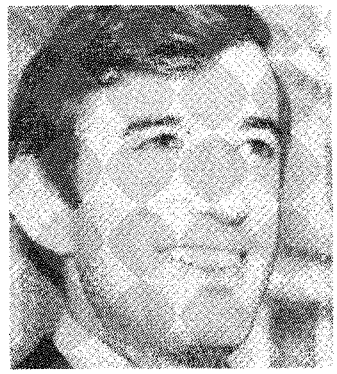

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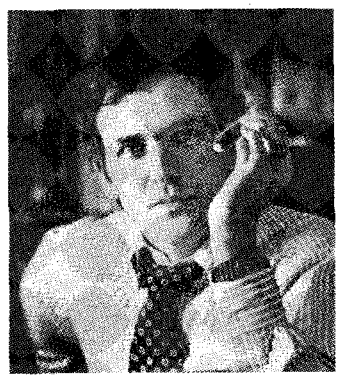

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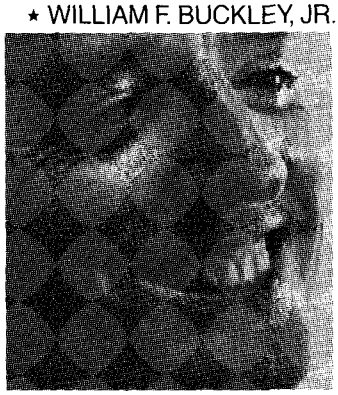
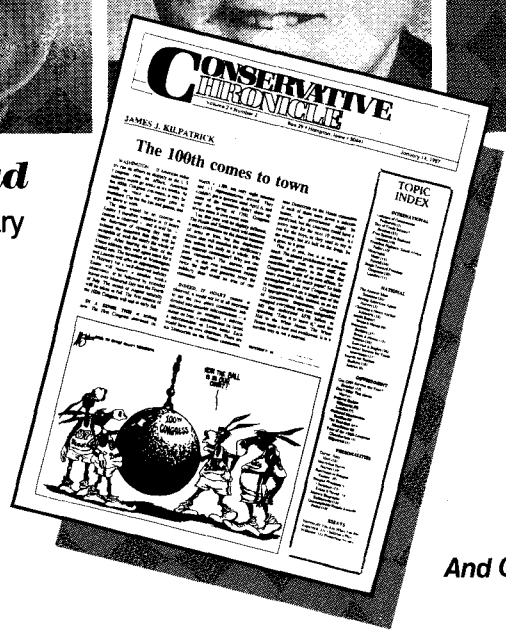
★ WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



★ JAMES KILPATRICK

★ JOSEPH SOBRAN

★ WARREN BROOKES



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

INCOMING CHIEF of Staff Howard Baker is a member of the club. He knows how to count votes, how to build consensus, how to rebuild bridges to Congress, how to mobilize the Republican Senate coalition. He knows and is accepted by the Washington establishment, being one of its premier members. He is recognized as principled and able, not only by the media but by Congress. From Watergate, he acquired a "Mr. Clean" reputation, a reassuring quality in terms of Ronald Reagan's current disablement, the presumption being that Baker would never attempt to obscure or deceive. Most important, he and the President are comfortable together, Baker having served as Senate Majority Leader during the first two years of the Reagan Presidency.

On the down side, Baker is neither an administrator nor a manager, as even his fans acknowledge. His 1980 campaign effort suffered from inept management, as did his last months as Majority Leader, when the Senate was all but immobilized by infighting. Of course, Baker can bring someone in to administer, that's easy. Less easy is Baker's ideological dissonance with Ronald Reagan, Ed Meese, Cap Weinberger, Bill Bennett, and other Reaganite conservatives. "You can be sure that he will bend with the winds and currents of Capitol Hill, notably on arms control, SDI, taxes, summitry, and, if it returns to the agenda, abortion," predicts a White House insider. This is not to say that he will undermine the Reagan agenda, which he has committed himself to furthering. What it does mean is that his political judgment in the current critical situation could move him to advocate compromise more swiftly than either his predecessor or his President. In this context, however, it should be noted that Howard Baker's senatorial career rating from Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) is an impressively low 14. There is some small political distortion here, in that both as Minority and as Majority Leader, Baker tended to vote the pure party line more often than he might have done had he not held these positions. The key question is: To what extent will Baker reflect the views of Congress in the White House as opposed to reflecting the views of the White House in Congress?

MEANWHILE, ousted Chief of Staff Donald Regan, joined by his aide Dennis Thomas, has taken an office on the fourth floor of the Old Executive Office Building to assist in the first thirty days of the transition. Regan's staff has also contacted Oliver Carr's mammoth real-estate firm in Washington to rent office space for Regan, a secretary, and a research assistant, inclining observers here to believe that he will be passing the upcoming months either writing a book or developing a legal defense. The missing Poindexter notes, it is felt, may reveal more about Regan's knowledge of what happened during the planning of the Iran affair than he acknowledges. Speculation is centering on the discrepancy between Regan's and Bud McFarlane's statements as to whether Ronald Reagan orally authorized the first shipment of arms from Israel to Iran in August of 1985. McFarlane says yes, Regan no. Both testified under oath.

There is palpable relief among Reagan loyalists that Regan is, finally, out. For his part, Regan clearly feels let down by Reagan. He was scheduled to discuss the Tower Report with the President on Monday, March 2. Did Regan really believe he could swim through the backwash of the Tower Report? Did he believe that by so doing he could prevail over Washington? That he could keep his job despite the unquestionable consensus that he should leave? Probably. Regan is a man who has rarely failed.

A biography of the former chief of staff, by the way, will shortly be written by the *Wall Street Journal*'s Jane Mayer, after her article in *Regardie's* (a glossy, up-and-coming, largely Washington magazine). The book, for which Miss Mayer will receive a six-figure sum, will focus chiefly on Regan's two years as chief of staff.

Who will next be sacked? Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Elliott Abrams hangs by a slender thread, it is believed, and could fall by the end of the month. The nomination of Tom Dawson as ambassador to Costa Rica will almost certainly be withdrawn. Within six months, the entire White House staff will have a different look.

The activist phase of Ronald Reagan's Presidency is over. "Howard Baker has finally won the 1980 nomination," says a White House Reaganite. Some predict that Baker will overshadow Reagan, citing his following in Washington both among the press corps and in Congress. If anything goes right, they say, Baker will be credited; if anything goes wrong, it will be said that Howard Baker cannot be expected to be a miracle worker, and Reagan, as author of the debacle, will be blamed. Establishment Washington may at long last triumph over the Reaganite outsiders. —CATO

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from Irangate, which is, as was Mr. Reagan's initial instinct, that outlaws should be treated as such.

☐ Colonel Qaddafi and the World Council of Churches both admit to sending financial aid to the terrorists of the ANC and SWAPO. The colonel's candor, in conceding it is terrorism he is financing, is in pleasant contrast to the sanctimonious blather of the WCC, and the more so in that he had to cut through the sanctimonious blather of *Good Morning America* to do so. He also offered not to retreat "even if America were to bring us nuclear bombs." A bit much, but we could probably spare one little tactical device if he stands still.

☐ Reserve the next Nobel Prize in economics for China's Li Yining, who said—publicly—in Peking, "What China needs is a big market and a small government." So do we, sir, so do we.

☐ The scene: a public plaza at a major university. A young Jewish dissident stands up to speak against Soviet oppression. He recites a litany of Soviet atrocities, from the Ukraine to Poland. Suddenly, a tall

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man in dark sunglasses, flanked by two guards toting machine guns, strides into the plaza. "Arrest him!" the commissar orders. A minister protests. "Get the priest," the man says tersely, and the minister is executed on the spot. It looks like something out of Stalinist Russia; it might be a made-for-TV movie. In fact, it's part of a series of campus protests staged by conservatives at Yale. The purpose of the protests, timed to coincide with the broadcast of *Amerika*, was to make students more aware of the effects of Soviet tyranny. Organizers also built a Soviet Gulag smack-dab next to "Mandela City," Yale's shanty town built by pro-disinvestment students. The week-long extravaganza was capped by a campus Rock against Russia party.

☐ After its late troubles, Young Americans for Freedom is staging a comeback. In California, National Chairman Sergio Pekio has successfully rebuilt a series of grass-roots chapters, while in the newly opened office in Washington, D.C., Executive Director Steve Baldwin hopes to expand nationwide, featuring active college-based chapters, energetic right-wing student protests, and a national newsletter. For information, contact Steve Baldwin, 300 Eye Street, N.E., Suite 3A, Washington, D.C. 20002.

☐ Historical footnote: In a speech to the British Conservative Party when he was in his eighties, Harold Macmillan said: "In the Public Record Office there is a memorandum addressed to Queen Elizabeth written, we believe, by a young Walter Raleigh. He says: 'Tarry not, I pray you, Madam, for the wings of time are tipped with the feathers of death.' " Macmillan paused, a very long pause that led the audience to wonder whether the very old man standing up there on the podium had lost his train of thought. Then he resumed: "Civil servants don't write memos like that any more." (*Laughter, applause.*)

☐ Yes, there'll always be an England: Conservationists are building a tunnel under a road near London to reduce the slaughter of toads on the highway.

☐ Would you like to make $50,000 a year? Go into farming. AgDep will pay that to any farmer who meets certain requirements. Furthermore, the law defines an eligible "person" to include corporations and partnerships. For some funny reason, the number of legal "farms" went up by 250,000 last year, though acreage under cultivation was falling. One rice farmer leased his land to 56 friends and relatives, and they *all* got $50,000 checks.

☐ Fawn Hall was famous for 15 minutes the same week that Andy Warhol was buried in paisley tie and shades. Surely other transitory names will soon follow these two into the has bin. Not to be disrespectful toward the late Pope of Pop. If he didn't "paint" or Polaroid much worth remembering, he at least said one thing for posterity: "There is nothing more bourgeois than to be afraid to look bourgeois." RIPaisley.

☐ Very funny. *The Village Voice*'s recently published photograph of *NR* Managing Editor Rick Brookhiser is worth a thousand of that weekly's words. Those clever layout artists cropped the photo so as to present a very sinister Brookhiser indeed. Boo, hiss! The accompanying story doesn't bother us. There's nothing remarkable about the *Voice* assaulting Brookhiser for suggesting that PBS's "statutory obligation . . . to provide 'balance and objectivity' in controversial programs is not being met," even though the *Voice* acknowledges that this is true. It's hard to take seriously the *Voice*'s panicky warnings about a "conservative assault" on PBS, when PBS's friends include powerful Representative John Dingell and Senator Jay Rockefeller. It's that picture. C'mon, fellas, we've said we kind of like Nat Hentoff, and it's not our fault that everybody turns to the Personals first.

☐ In Ann Arbor last month, a student mob welcomed Gerald Ford and Edwin Meese by hitting the former President with an egg. Not to worry. Mr. Ford is white. It wasn't a Howard Beach incident.

☐ Is Dr. Koop a Trojan horse?

☐ In Chicago, Nero fiddled while Jane Byrned.

Who Will Guard the Guards?

This famous line John Tower's board
  Affixed to its report
Recalls an age when gentlemen
  Enlivened a retort
With casual quotations from
  A language now so dead,
The Latin on an ersatz dime
  Flies over every head.

W. H. von Dreele

Reagan: What Next?

THE LAST TIME this sort of thing happened, South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Angola, and Mozambique went down the tubes. We now possess decisive evidence that what was suspected at the time was true: that the commanders in Hanoi (correctly) judged that a Nixon weakened by Watergate would

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not be able to smash their armored assault with superior air power. Have we now to face the similar loss of Central America? Nicaragua is being turned into a military power that, relative to its neighbors, is the functional equivalent of North Vietnam.

The work of the Tower Commission was thoroughly admirable, three elder statesmen—Tower himself, Muskie, and Scowcroft—soberly documenting a "chaos" of White House mismanagement. Mr. Regan's departure was overdue.

But the President himself behaved most strangely in the matter of Iran. Apparently without understanding the potentiality for loss of his own political authority, this master intuitive politician agreed to launch an initiative that undercut the very identity that has made him such a formidable political force, an identity in its own way as definite as that of the two Roosevelts, Lincoln, or Woodrow Wilson. After firing the air controllers, liberating Grenada, deploying the Pershing and cruise missiles, launching SDI, and bombing Libya, after numerous statements about the pusillanimity of France, Italy, and Greece in bowing to terrorism and blackmail, Mr. Reagan did precisely what he had said he would not do. It was the Daniloff caper on a grander scale. Arms to the Ayatollah. Ransom for hostages. It was as if the sheriff, tall in the saddle, had ridden into Black Rock, gone to the saloon, and cut a deal with the James gang.

Mr. Reagan's powers of political resurgence have always been formidable, but he has delivered a terrible wound to his own political identity.

The usual suspects are taking advantage of the situation to steal the agenda. Pressure is mounting daily for an "arms control" deal. Pressure is mounting against a "broad" interpretation of the ABM Treaty, mounting against SDI itself, against aid to the Contras. James Reston, as he always does after the Democrats lose 49 states, is calling for bipartisanship. Howard Baker, a likable and intelligent man, is no confronter of the Beltway mindset.

In political terms, for 1988, Bush is hurt, Dole is moving up, and there is movement of conservatives toward Kemp, who is campaigning as the heir apparent to the now becalmed Reagan Revolution.

But, while conceding that Mr. Reagan made a mistake, and that mistakes play formidably into the hands of the opposition, two things should be kept in focus by all conservatives. One of these is that Ronald Reagan's resiliency, determination, and courage have served him critically in the past and no doubt will do so again. And, second, that even if he were today to disappear from the scene, the country's debt to him for his leadership during the first six years is vast, and his achievements cannot be dissipated by any single misjudgment.

Schwadron, *Punch* / Rothco

"Can you prove it was a business orgy?"

Zero Option II

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV has offered to strike a separate agreement on medium-range nuclear missiles in Europe, independent of any accord on strategic defense. This marks a change from his position at Reykjavik, where he linked every possible arms-control issue in the world to U.S. willingness to restrict the SDI program. As such, the proposal is being hailed as a "Soviet concession" by U.S. arms-control advocates and even by some Western European governments that should, and probably do, know better.

Gorbachev's proposal calls for the complete withdrawal of U.S. and Soviet medium-range nuclear missiles from Europe. U.S. missiles would be pulled back to the United States and Soviet missiles to east of the Urals; limits would be placed on the total number each side could possess. The USSR began pushing this concept just a few months after the United States started deployment of Pershing IIs and cruise missiles in Europe, and it has pushed it ever since with only minor variations. Other than dropping the linkage to SDI, there is nothing fundamentally new about Gorbachev's proposal. Indeed, it is none other than the so-called Zero Option first proposed by Ronald Reagan in 1981. Liberal critics of the Administration then denounced the Zero Option as a ploy by the President to avoid serious arms-control negotiations; their passion on this point was marvelous to hear. Coming from the lips of Mr. Gorbachev, however, the proposal acquires respectability.

As long as Soviet medium-range missiles were the only ones in Europe, the Kremlin abhorred the Zero Option. It meant that Moscow would have had unilaterally to dismantle several hundred SS-20s in exchange for a promise from the U.S. not to deploy Euromissiles of its own. Real weapons for promises. Since the Soviet leadership never gives up something real for something potential, the proposal was a

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non-starter. The moment the first U.S. missiles were deployed in Europe, however, the whole dynamic changed. Suddenly Moscow faced a real threat, and the Zero Option became attractive.

The Kremlin can withdraw its missiles behind the Urals, and call them back from Siberia at any time by a simple command. Not so with the U.S. missiles. NATO underwent severe political strains to get the missiles deployed in the face of determined domestic opposition in several countries; only strong leadership from the United States turned the trick. If the USSR welches on Zero Option II, NATO will be embroiled in endless disputes about verification, what constitutes a violation, and how to respond "prudently." Sound familiar? The Soviet leadership would just love to put NATO through the wringer once more.

The Administration should resist responding hastily to Gorbachev's proposal, particularly now when the President is under great pressure to prove he is in charge of U.S. foreign policy. There are more ways than one to demonstrate leadership.

Exit Cuomo

MARIO CUOMO has ended, or at least interrupted, his career as a noncandidate by withdrawing from the 1988 presidential campaign. We have no inside information whatever about him, only a hypothesis: He never meant to run. Try it on for size.

Cuomo, as governor of New York, is automatically a major figure in the Democratic Party. He enhanced his standing by seeming poised to run. By withdrawing just before the race would begin for real, he made himself the man for the other candidates to court.

Meanwhile, he has always known that he peaked at the 1984 convention, where he gave a stemwinder of a speech and became the object of all the hopes and affections that had been dammed up during the ascendancy of Walter Blah. That was a magic moment. It couldn't happen twice, but its current could charge a lot of batteries before the next presidential race. Cuomo has used it well for that purpose.

But he also knows he has enemies, problems, limits. Democrats have a hard time carrying states outside the Northeast. A classic New York ethnic liberal bigspender isn't going to take Dixie, the Midwest, the Plains, and the Rockies by storm. Cuomo's son Andrew, a lawyer, has been the subject of press inquiries, and Cuomo would have to cope with implications of shadiness, however unfair. (There's a special irony here: It's speculated that he encouraged Gerry Ferraro to run for Vice President because he wanted her to test the waters for another Italian candidate. She didn't just test them, she fouled them.)

Cuomo also has a world-record number of people with scores to settle against him. During a national campaign, they would come forth with their stories.

He'd have loved to be President, but he had enough sense to quit while he was ahead. In New York he's a winner. He'd be risking New York to gain Nebraska. But he had nothing to lose by teasing the party and the press for a while.

Memo to: Gary Hart From: National Review

WHEN YOU RUN for President next year, we expect to flay you alive on domestic issues, and we are confident that you will do the same to your conservative critics. But this memo has to do with an area on which you have spoken very little, and mostly in generalities, and that is foreign policy.

Nicaragua is going to be one of the live-wire issues of 1987 and 1988. The Left will demand that you come out strongly for the Sandinistas. We would like to suggest that you consider the opposite view.

You have probably seen Norman Podhoretz's column in the *New York Post*, "Why President Cuomo Will Send Troops to Nicaragua." Though Cuomo is now out of the race, Podhoretz made an interesting argument from circumstance—one that would be equally applicable to a President Hart: namely, that the Sandinistas, encouraged by the election of a Democrat, would overreach, forcing you to hit back. But there is also an argument from principles—yours, as well as ours.

When the Sandinistas first came to power, the Left insisted 1) that they were libertarians and democrats; 2) that they were not allied with the Soviets. In the wake of subsequent events—*La Prensa* closed; priests harried and Catholic radio harassed; a huge Cuban/Iron Curtain arms buildup; Ortega's trip to Moscow—the Left has been driven to flabby fallbacks: a) the Contras are worse, and b) yes, the Sandinistas are pro-Moscow, but we drove them to it.

Surely the new positions are easy to see through. Whatever the Contras may be, Nicaraguans seem to find them better: The Contras have more young men in the field than the Sandinistas did when they overthrew Somoza. There are also other ways to pull Uncle Sam's beard than by forming an alliance with the Soviet Union. Just look at Mexico, which has been doing it for decades.

The fact remains that the Sandinistas are dictators and clients of a foreign power. Since when do Democrats back dictators? (That's alleged to be *our* line.) And no President has tolerated foreign muscle in this hemisphere. This goes back long before Communism: Andrew Johnson told the French to get out of Mexico; Grover Cleveland warned Great Britain to lay off Venezuela; Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt got into two world wars partly from fear of German intrigues to the south. Three of these Presidents, by

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the way, were Democrats, and Johnson was a former Democrat.

There is one more argument submerged in the Nicaragua debate: that America ought not to do something that will be good for Nicaraguans and good for its own national interest because—well, because America is not good enough. Twenty years before the TV mini-series, the hard Left was spelling America with a "k." George McGovern professed to love America, but only if it came home, within its own borders; anything we did beyond was sure to be wicked. Those on the Left don't usually proclaim this conviction forcefully now, but it still controls their foreign-policy proposals—nowhere more clearly than in Central America. Isn't it time for a really new idea here?

You probably won't agree. Just thought we'd mention it.

Back to the Drawing Board

IN A NOTORIOUS report on the black family a quarter of a century ago, Daniel Patrick Moynihan punctured liberal complacency over America's welfare system. He disclosed the appalling breakdown of the family structure in black American ghettos. The ground Moynihan broke has been further explored and analyzed by George Gilder and Charles Murray in recent years, and sociologists now recognize the devastating effect households headed by a single parent—most often the woman—have had on several generations of America's poorest and most culturally disheveled citizens.

When Moynihan first broached the subject, he was subjected to a storm of criticism, and the issues he raised were ignored. Today, as chairman of the Finance Committee's Subcommittee on Social Security and Family Policy, Senator Moynihan is calling for a major overhaul of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), the major welfare program in the nation.

Senator Moynihan makes these points: 1) a program that was designed to help widows take care of their small children in the home is obsolete in today's world, where most women work outside the home anyway; 2) the major responsibility for a child's support is the parents', not the government's, and an absentee father (whether married to the mother or not) should be forced to support his children; 3) able-bodied mothers also have a responsibility to support their children and should be trained to enter the job market and given transitional support and child-care assistance by the government while doing so; if they can't cope with the job market they should be required to do public-service work; and 4) if what they earn is inadequate, then they should be given further assistance on a "time-limited basis." All in all, a hardheaded approach whose thrust is to help poor people break away from their dependency on government.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, President Reagan's Office of Policy Development has come up with its own reform package, which emphasizes decentralization of welfare and suggests turning the major responsibility for the program back to what John McClaughry (who served as advisor on these questions to both Nixon and Carter) describes as "grassroots groups—neighborhood organizations, settlement houses, fraternal lodges, church parishes—that would devise and operate programs for helping the able-bodied needy work their way out of dependence." The Federal Government would maintain its contributions to the program while at the same time rejecting the idea of a standardized national rate of payment to every poor person regardless of circumstances. The Reagan Administration's concept is revolutionary and will predictably raise hackles in the welfare bureaucracies —to say nothing of the academy and the media— when it reaches Senator Moynihan's hearing room.

Still, something is happening here. Whether it will be "syzygy," the word we all learned a few months back when there was a rare alignment of sun, earth, and moon—which is to say a total sea-change in the way America handles the problems of its poor, as Senator Moynihan hopes—is doubtful. But Left or Right, Democrat or Republican, everyone understands that something new must be tried.

Ivan the Terrible?

THE TRIAL IN Israel of John Demjanjuk hinges on the question of whether he was the "Ivan the Terrible" who operated the gas chambers at Treblinka. There is no doubting the sort of man "Ivan" was. He committed his atrocities with relish. Killing wasn't enough for him: He liked personally to torture and humiliate his victims before finishing them off. A certified monster.

Was that Demjanjuk? The Office of Special Investigations of the Justice Department, created in 1979 primarily for the purpose of finding old Nazis and Nazi collaborators in America, says yes. Demjanjuk is one of several dozen immigrants to have been found guilty and scheduled for deportation.

The most disturbing aspect of these proceedings is that they often rely on or even originate with evidence provided by the Soviet Union. In Demjanjuk's case, the Soviets just happened to have an old file with an ID card that bore his picture. (The card put his height at about 5 feet 9; oddly enough, he is now 6 feet 1.)

Eyewitnesses give conflicting testimony. Some who accuse him have changed their stories; some who speak for him are behind the Iron Curtain and can't testify in court. And of course the real Ivan was long re-

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ported, perhaps erroneously, to have been killed at Treblinka in an inmate uprising.

Demjanjuk may be the man, but after more than forty years there is certainly room for reasonable doubt. It's impossible not to sympathize with the Israelis' desire for substantive justice. The question is: Do they have the right man? This is the crux of the case, and this is the point at which concern for procedure becomes something more than a technical quibble.

Yet where are those champions of civil liberties who normally exalt procedure even if it results in freeing the guilty? The columnist Richard Cohen concedes that the Israeli trial has "elements of a show trial," but—throwing his usual scruples to the winds—finds its justification in that very fact: "Demjanjuk's culpability is hardly beside the point. But his larger historical function is to announce that the Holocaust was not just the work of Germans or Nazis and their hideous racial theories, but of ordinary people and their quite ordinary—but just as hideous—racial and religious prejudices." One might think the defendant's "larger historical function" could wait to be assigned until his guilt was established. But Cohen isn't waiting. He calls Demjanjuk "a symbol of cruelty and hatred."

Most liberal champions of *Miranda* and *Escobedo* standards of evidence aren't going as far as Cohen. They're maintaining a discreet silence. It would be nice if a few of them would pipe up to remind their audience that the point of American, as distinct from Soviet, jurisprudence is to do justice to the individual, regardless of whether the conviction of an innocent man might have a larger public utility.

Glasnost in Poland

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION has resumed a policy of constructive engagement. With Poland, that is. Sanctions have been lifted, bans on credits removed, most-favored-nation status restored.

Why? Have Poles been accorded the rights enjoyed by South African whites? Well, no. They don't even have the rights enjoyed by South African blacks, like independent labor unions and freedom of religion.

But there has been a marginal improvement in the regime's behavior—the release of most political prisoners and no new arrests; even the creation of a new, officially sanctioned opposition, a 57-member "Consultative Council" to offer nonbinding opinions on various state policies.

Even cosmetic changes and kept critics may be a sign of hope. Polish dissidents are skeptical but not derisive. Some of them say that the new wave of government self-criticism is a sign that, in the words of one, "a real opposition has taken root," and that the old autocracy is no longer sustainable. The official press criticizes state planners and bureaucrats. It's a striking change of overall tone. What it will lead to in the state itself is anyone's guess at the moment.

Archbishop Glemp and Lech Walesa have opposed U.S. sanctions, on the grounds that they hit the ordinary Pole harder than they hit the regime. That's a valid argument against them, as it is against South African sanctions. But there is one major difference: Among the things the sanctions blocked was U.S. Government-backed guarantees of private loans and credits to the Polish government. So the American taxpayer may soon be covering General Jaruzelski's bad debts again. Disinvestment, anyone?

Gorbachev the Good

If he means it, as he seems to,
  And the bureaucrat's dead hand
Meets the fate of Peter's boyars
  When he Westernized the land,
Should we, peering from the bleachers,
  Hail him flailing with the knout
Or, ignoring Dodd and Weicker,
  Entertain a nagging doubt?

W. H. VON DREELE

H. J. Heinz II, R I P

THE PRINCIPAL FIGURE in the Heinz company (as in Heinz 57) died last week at age 78. His death was gradual by some terms of death's measurement—he was truly sick for only three months, so that the obituary notices were able to say that Mr. Heinz "died after a brief illness." It was no less excruciating for its brevity, to see such a man gradually decompose from his cancer. Such a man being a prominent business executive with at once a genuine flair for getting, and a commensurate flair for spending. At age twenty he was business manager of the *Yale Daily News* and walked home at the end of his year in office with a check for $40,000, a sum of money (in 1928) equal to approximately eight times the salary paid to the president of Yale. His very matriarchal mother, on learning of this, instructed him to return it—"to whatever Yale charity"—on the grounds that it was unseemly for so young a man to make so much money (it had been Jack Heinz's idea to publish football-game programs crammed with advertising). He did so, one would guess cheerfully, given his habit, which must have begun when he was twenty or even before, of giving money to causes, institutions, and people for whom he felt concern, and since he was concerned about very nearly everything in life, he became so to speak a generic philanthropist. One of his soft-spoken causes was NATIONAL REVIEW, to whose annu-

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That Bumpy Comeback Trail

Fawn Hall slinks onto center stage,
Her former boss attacks his cage,
And Admiral Poindexter's gums
Move only when massaging Tums;
Meanwhile, the House and Senate probe
The Contras' spoor around the globe
As Howard Baker gives a push
For Mr. Dole, not Mr. Bush.

W. H. von Dreele

al solicitation he and his beloved widow, Drue, regularly subscribed.

His appetites were comprehensive. He read every journal dealing with international affairs greedily, and could talk—always self-effacingly, nondogmatically, inquisitively—about the crisis in Russia, Sri Lanka, or Tierra del Fuego. He was an organizer of the Bilderberg meetings, which he regularly attended, and it was the lonely month that didn't see him, on his own airplane or on a common carrier, traveling, usually with friends and associates (all his associates were also friends), to the far reaches of the globe to discuss world affairs, and ponder them, with kings, prime ministers, and taxi drivers, yes, taxi drivers. His appetite for sport was consuming; there is no reef in any ocean that he did not explore as a scuba diver, and any pheasant or partridge now living owes its survival to a bad day for Jack in the field. He loved good food and good wine, but a discreet sense of frugality caused him to search out (and to find) fine wines that cost less than five dollars a bottle. He would arrive with great gusto to taste such wines at dinner, and leave a house present of a grand Château Lafite.

I saw him last in January, and the conversation took the turns such conversations take, in such circumstances. Of course he would be completely well by spring. (Of course, he would acquiesce—"And maybe you can come to Mallorca and dive with me this summer.") (Of course, one said.) He was disappointed, to the extent that his stoicism permitted it, not to spend New Year's at Walter Annenberg's with the President. His wife gave him two fine 75th-birthday dinners, one at their home in Ascot, among the guests at which was the Queen of England, who stayed until the early hours of the morning. And, in New York, there was everything from Rockettes to fireworks, but for Jack Heinz nothing could be ostentatious, because there was nothing presumptuous, nothing lordly in his ways. He was simply an American man of affairs, happily married with a son in the Senate, scion of a distinguished family in Pittsburgh, and the pleasure he took from an epochal dinner was no different from the smile, rising from the sea at Fiji after an early morning's dive, that he would take from a small glass of Chianti—"Just right," he twinkled, after a half-hour one hundred feet below the surface, among the golden fishes, the coral, the Moray eels, and the sharks.

"I have seen Jack for the last time," I commented to my wife when I drove home that day in January, but when Drue called in the morning to say that Jack had "passed away" the night before, the pain was not diluted by the foreknowledge that his days were numbered. He will surely rest in peace, though it will be many days and months before his friends resume their own lives undistressed. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If it's true, as you report in "Capital Bulletins" for November 21, 1986, that the 55-mph speed limit wastes about a billion man-hours per year in added driving time, then—since there are about 650,000 hours in the average lifetime—isn't it true that it costs us over 1,500 lives each year?

Sincerely,
J. S. Reed
Department of Sociology
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Mr. Reed: Any way you look at it, yup. After all, two plus two equals four. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I realize that this is probably too bulky to see light in "Notes & Asides," but as a fellow hairless ape I thought you should be interested. The enclosed letter appeared in the *Washington Post*. Since I know you are a busy man, I shall excerpt the best of it.

> . . . apes are our friends, not our enemies. The fact is, they are our kin, sitting right next to us on the same branch of the phylogenetic tree, defying the "species barrier." . . . Chimpanzees share 99 per cent of our DNA, which makes them closer to us than a horse is to a donkey and even closer to us than they are to our next closest cousin, the gorilla. . . . The raid on the chimp lab did more than challenge their use in AIDS research. It brought out a festering doubt that if these individuals are so like us, surely the only justifications we can offer for continuing to . . . use them in fatal experiments are the very same arguments used to justify our subjugation of blacks in the slave trade. There is a revolution brewing. It is not the imagined war between other animals and us. It is the real war between the slaveholders and the liberationists, part II.

The letter is signed by Alex Pacheco, who identifies

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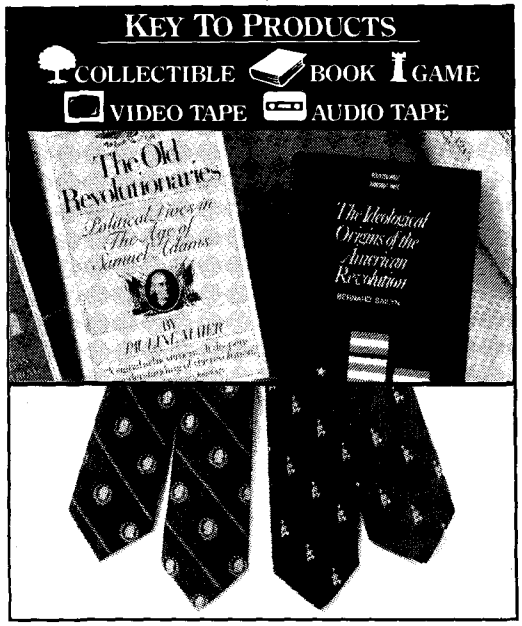

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himself as "Chairperson of People for Ethical Treatment of Animals."

Now, anyone who's ever witnessed the behavior of the divestniks on campus knows that the line between human and animal can be a nice one indeed. But I have a couple of comments on the above letter. First, by using the title "chair*person*," Pacheco clearly shows himself to be a speciesist. The correct title, of course, is "chairanimal." (Never mind that this seems to discriminate against plants; what do you think most chairs are made of?) Second, I'm always glad for any issue that pits the sodomites against the nuts, such as the theft of chimps from an AIDS lab. Finally, any man who thinks monkeys to be his near equivalent is probably right.

Faithfully,
Michael A. Fumento
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mr. Fumento: Hey, that was swell! But I hope the chimps don't see it. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re your editorial "Harvard at 350" [Sept. 26]—a cavil.

My late friend Barrett Brady, Harvard 1920, *summa cum laude*, was in the front row of that very lecture when Professor Kittredge missed his footing stepping down from the rostrum and measured his length on the floor. My friend Barrett told me that the professor, as he was assisted to his feet, exclaimed: "This is the first time I have ever sunk to the level of my audience."

Sincerely yours,
Earl J. Sweeney
Chittenango, N.Y.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

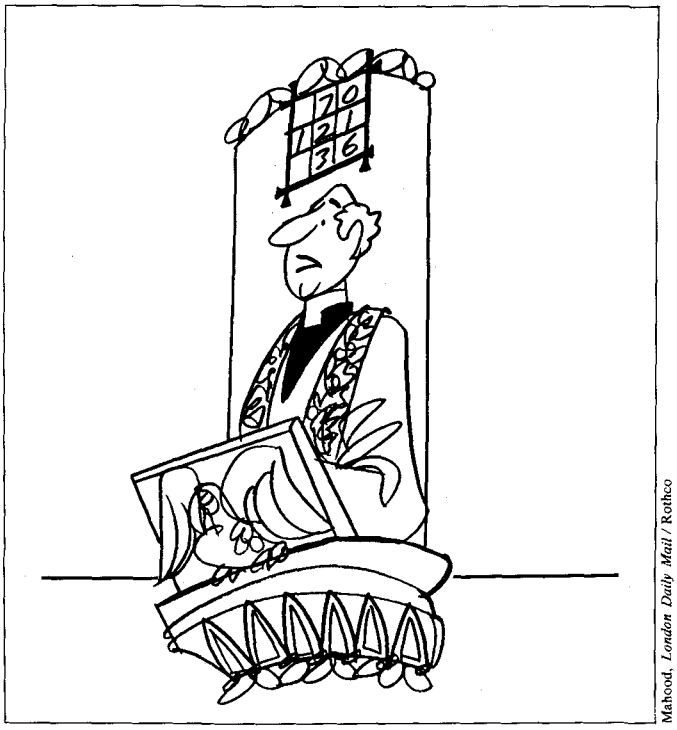
Seeing as you cannot possibly know all of your subscribers, I thought I'd drop you this note to tell you that that iniquitous den of socialist political and economic thought, the London School of Economics, *does* actually subscribe to *NR*. How did you manage this?

Another thing: Someone with a sense of humor (or perhaps it's just "a simple twist of fate," as Robert Zimmerman would say) has caused *NR* to have the first place among all the magazines on the rack, beating out *The Socialist Worker*, *The New Republic*, and even *Newsweek*. Is this an omen?

Superstitiously yours,
Joseph P. Pfeiffer
London

P.S.: Off the record: Rumor has it that Maggie will call the election in June (of '87).

Dear Mr. Pfeiffer: Don't judge LSE by its reputation in the bad old days. Remember that the successor to the Harold Laski chair was Michael Oakeshott. Cordially, WFB



Mahood, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"My sermon today is taken from Mrs. Currie's text, 'Christianity is safer than a condom.' "

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The following is from the November 24 issue of *People* magazine:

> DON'T FORGET SHARP PENCILS: At a hospital fundraiser at New York's F. A. O. Schwarz toy emporium, conservative columnist and author William F. Buckley may have revealed the roots of his rapid-fire, ruthless way with words. Asked by a reporter about his favorite toys as a child, Buckley recalled playing with "anything that could kill people—guns, grenades." Concerned that her husband might be shooting off his mouth, Buckley's wife, Pat, intervened. "Oh, don't use that," she told the interviewer. "Just say Teddy bears were his favorites."

I don't see how the fact that you played with guns and grenades as a boy has anything to do with your debating abilities. But it may explain why you believe that militarism is the way to solve problems, and why you're in love with SDI.

Cordially,
Barrett Bailey
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr. Bailey: *People* has a genius for the minimisquote. E.g., I never heard of a toy grenade, let alone played with one . . . I am only for military use against military users. I wouldn't harm a flea, if a flea wouldn't harm me. SDI, by the way, is designed not to kill people, but to prevent their getting killed. It's a sort of maxi-grenade killer. Cordially, **—WFB**

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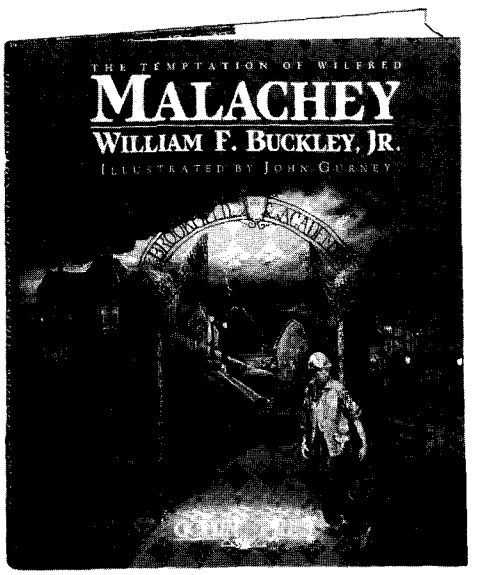
What?
Bill Buckley has written a children's book?

Yes, he has, and a darned good one too. *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* is a fascinating tale for kids, a thriller with a touch of the supernatural and a powerful appeal to the imagination. It's aimed at young readers from eight to thirteen (but *adults beware*: if you read the first few pages you'll be hooked too!).



Malachey is an ingenious fairy tale brought up to date. It has all the old ingredients—an ancient curse, a decrepit prep-school setting—and something new: a fearsome goblin who makes his appearance on a computer screen.

Any intelligent child will enjoy this book—even those who haven't had the slightest experience with a real computer (of course many *have*, these days). The plot is intriguing: Wilfred attempts to bargain electronically with OMEGAGOD, the goblin of the computer. It's fun and instructive—it's hard to imagine a youngster who wouldn't be tickled pink to get a copy of *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey*, and, who knows, it might spark interest in more and better reading.

Right now you can get this beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated book ($10.95 retail) as a FREE bonus just by subscribing to *National Review* for a full year (25 big issues) at the regular $34 rate. If you're already a subscriber there's no problem either—simply extend your present subscription for another full year beyond its current expiration date (*whenever* that is, we'll handle it properly).

Malachey is guaranteed to delight any child you know, and let's face it, WFB isn't likely to write *another* one. So send for your FREE copy of this remarkable book right now. Fill out the handy card opposite this page and return it to us today. We'll send the book to you without delay. But please do it now before our precious, strictly limited supply of *Malachey* runs out. Many thanks.

This is one of the most unusual offers we've ever made so don't miss it!

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ODDS AGAINST THE CONTRAS

"THERE'S AN 85 per cent chance that Congress won't approve the President's $105-million 1988 budget request for the Contras," observes a Central America analyst and Contra backer here. "Without that money, they'll last a year, 18 months at the most." Last fall, when Congress belatedly approved a $100-million Contra-aid package, things seemed to be looking up. But the double whammy of November 4, 1986—viz., the Democratic recapture of the Senate, plus the first disclosures on the Iran affair—stopped the Contra gains cold. As the Iran affair unwound—with Ed Meese's startling admission that money from the arms sales had been earmarked for the Nicaraguan resistance—Contra supporters began to worry in earnest.

The fate of the Contra movement will be decided by three key players: the Administration, the Hill, and the Contra leaders. Once the driving force in securing aid for the freedom-fighters, the White House is now rudderless and ineffectual. Four months after the Iran story broke, the Administration has yet to address the affair in a way that can put it to rest. Although the President vowed to continue aid to the Contras in his State of the Union message ("I will fight any effort to shut off their lifeblood and consign them to death, defeat, or a life without freedom"), bickering and chaos in the Administration have all but derailed the President's noble initiative.

On the Hill, the situation is equally grim. The Democratic bloc in Congress, hellbent on asserting its dominance, is the Contras' nemesis. In late February, by an almost straight party-line tally of 11 to 9, the Senate Intelligence Committee voted to deny the Contras the remaining $40 million in aid promised them last fall. "That vote was clearly a symbolic gesture," observes a Washington think-tanker. "Democrats are saying, 'We're deciding not only domestic policy, now we're also deciding foreign policy.' " It appears likely that the full Senate will follow the committee's lead. The President will certainly veto the aid denial, and the Democrats lack the power to override, but their signal will have been sent. The meanest act of this mean 100th Congress so far is its using the Contra cause as a club to bludgeon the President with, irrespective of any injury to its weapon. "It's a disgrace," says neoliberal Washington columnist Morton Kondracke.

The Washington dishevelment is matched by the current squabbling in the Contras' upper echelons. The rift between conservatives and moderates there so widened last month that one of the three leaders, Adolfo Calero, resigned his post, while another, Arturo Cruz, threatened to do so. Calero's exit was pushed by the State Department and by National Security head Frank Carlucci, who saw Calero's hard-line military-mindedness as alienating Hill moderates and liberal switch-hitters. The shake-up did more harm than good, however, leaving the impression not of reorganization but of feuding. Conservative columnist Robert Novak blasted the action on additional grounds: "What you see here is a lesson for anti-Communist fighters who want to put their faith in the United States," said Novak. "We have the State Department forcing Calero to resign because the liberals feel more comfortable with people like Cruz, but the guy with the fighting forces is Calero, and if the Contras are going to have any success militarily, it's going to be through him." The perceived confusion in the ranks lends support to the anti-Contra argument that funding for "such a disorganized group" is money down the drain. A worse consequence is already showing up in Nicaragua itself: alienation of Contra fighters who oppose Yankee Bigfoot intervention in their leadership.

With the Contra movement in such disarray, other Central American countries are developing fresh diplomatic initiatives, such as the proposal put forth by Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez that suggests peaceful dialogues between the Sandinistas and (non-Contra) democratic parties in Nicaragua, but on terms that give Ortega a distinct advantage: In return for lifting current restrictions on civil liberties, Ortega would be free to maintain or increase the size of his army, while funding for rebel groups would be simultaneously forbidden. Liberal Senator Chris Dodd (D., Conn.), self-appointed ambassador to the region, has been trying to put spine into the proposal by telling Central American leaders that American funding is doomed, so they should rally round the Arias plan. Even in this early phase, the Arias plan is working to undermine Contra unification.

SOME MEAGER hope lingers that the worst-case scenario for the Contra fighters won't happen. Contra officers are back at the front after a training program in Florida, and in the last three weeks the resistance has made small but definite thrusts into Nicaraguan territory. "The time is ripe for a military move now," avers a Washington advisor. "If the Contras can only make some big gains that will show Americans that they have ability and drive, Congress could still come around, but it will have to be fast."

Will the Contras overcome their infighting and, more importantly, will Congress rise above itself to acknowledge that the lives and democratic goals of the Nicaraguan resistance fighters are hardly a fair weapon with which to attack the President? We must answer, ruefully, no. The odds are too solidly stacked against the Contra movement. □

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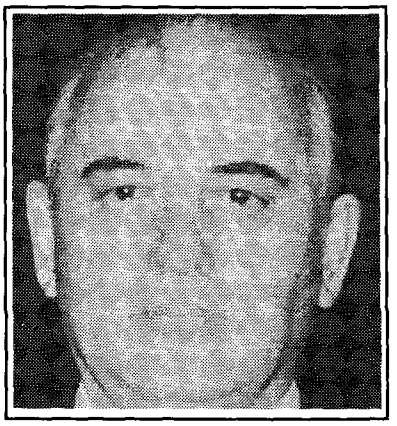
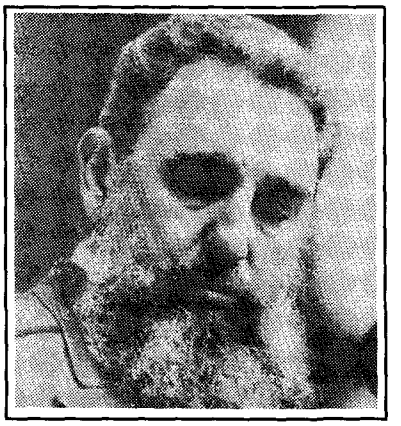
"COMMUNISM IS FINE WITH ME"

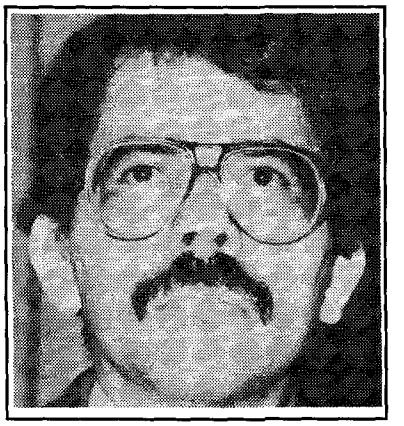
WHO SAID THIS?



A. Soviet Dictator
Mikhail Gorbachev

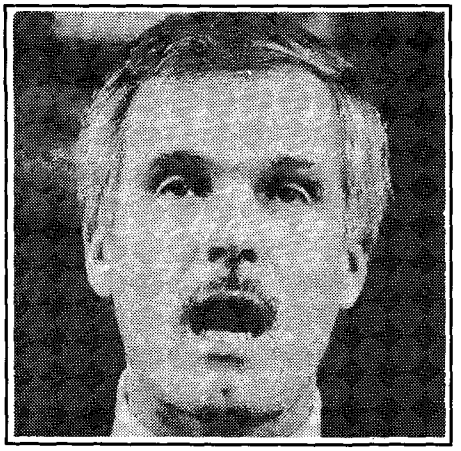


B. Cuban Dictator
Fidel Castro



C. Nicaraguan Dictator
Daniel Ortega

WOULD YOU BELIEVE... TED TURNER?



THAT'S RIGHT! The same man who in 1985 postured himself as a "family values" conservative when he sided with Senator Jesse Helms in an attempt to buy CBS. At the time, Turner called the networks "the greatest enemies America has ever had," because they "are constantly tearing down everything that has made this country great." When the attempt failed, his political position changed. He dropped his conservative facade and made a complete ideological turnaround to gain new political power. Ted Turner became a one man crusader for "peace" on Soviet terms.

Now, Turner is continuing his new quest for power. In response to ABC's mini-series "Amerika," which depicted life in the United States after a Soviet takeover, he ordered his WTBS cable station to air six hours of pro-Communist propaganda films, one even produced by the Soviet Union!

HOW LEFTIST IS TED TURNER?

In his own words:

- **"I expected Castro to be some horrible person, but he was a great guy."**
- **"I found [the Communist] leaders very reasonable."**
- **"I happen to love everybody. Like Jesus, I've made my peace with the Soviets. They're not my enemies."**
- **"I have come to the conclusion from studying it from a global circumstance that we are the greatest problem in the world."**
- **"He's [President Reagan] picking a fight with one nation of 2 million people in Nicaragua, less people than there are in Atlanta."**
- **"[The Reagan Administration is] probably the worst administration in the history of this country."**

If you are a cable subscriber, next time you consider watching WTBS remember these comments by Ted Turner. Then tune him out.

For more information about the latest antics of the liberal media
contact L. Brent Bozell III at (703) 548-0900 or write:
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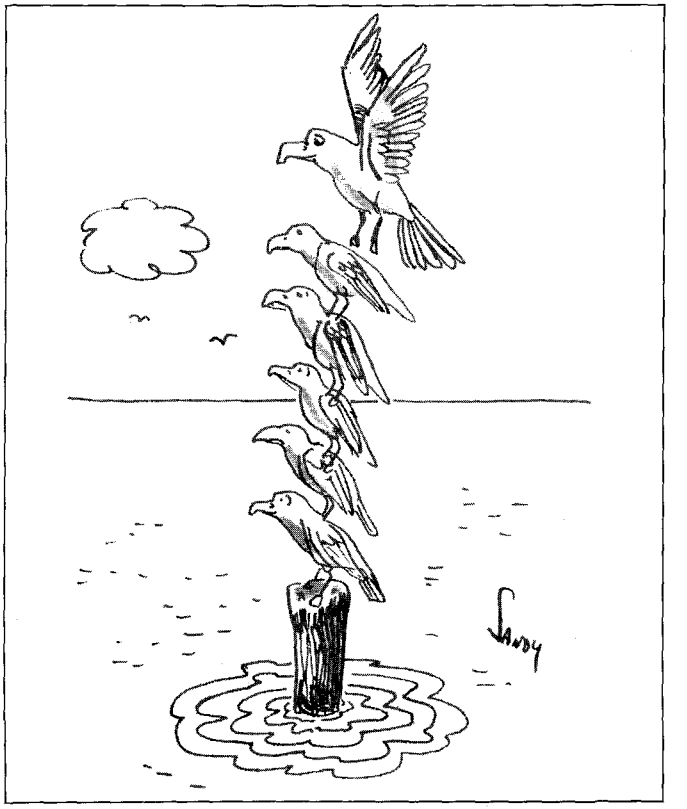
help !!!!

"I said you could *have your mother-in-law move in and claim her as a deduction . . ."*



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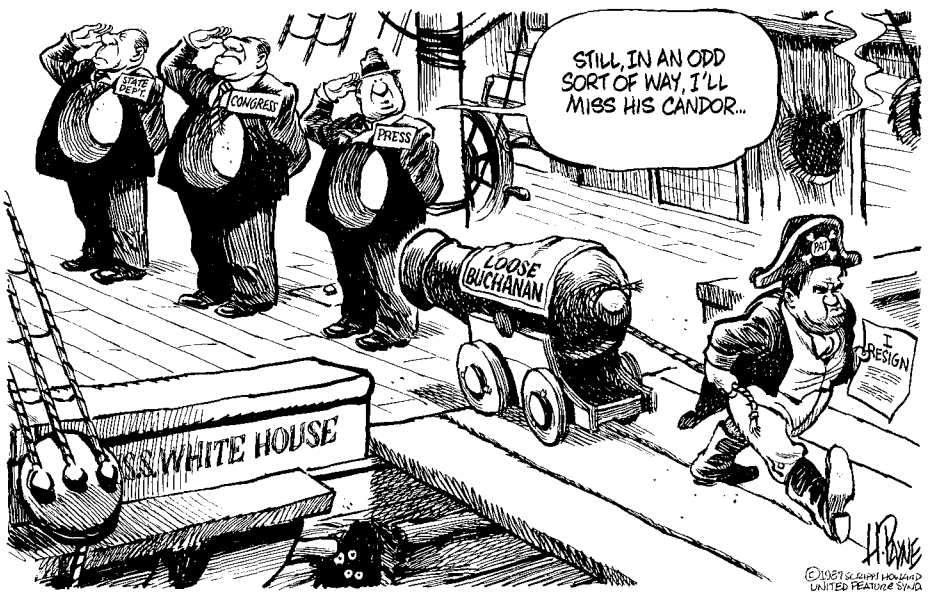
Page Rage

Give us this day
Our daily brood,
Our bleak dismay,
Our shattered mood,
Our rage, our scorn
Too black for rhymes—
Give us this day
The *New York Times.*

MAUREEN CANNON

BASS ATLANTA JOURNAL UNITED FEATURE © '87
"I THINK, SECRETARY SHULTZ, WE MAY HAVE A CREDIBILITY PROBLEM WITH OUR 'STAND FIRM AGAINST TERRORISTS' POLICY."



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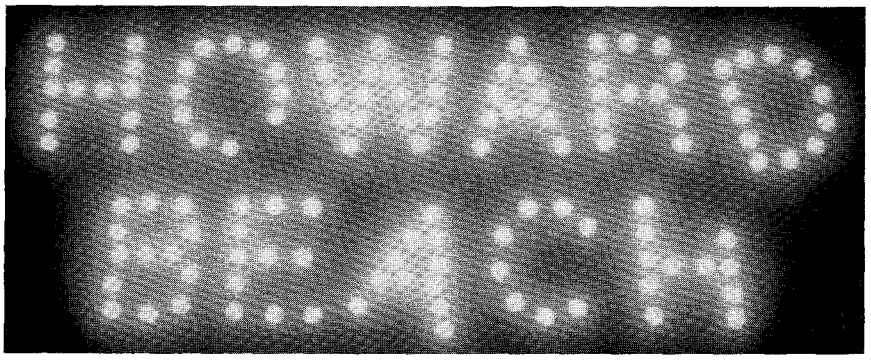
THE USE AND ABUSE OF RACE



BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT SOME WILL CONSIDER "BIGOTED." PARENTAL DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT before Christmas, a gang of young toughs in Queens, New York, beat up three men who'd been hanging around a local pizzeria. One of the three, trying to escape, was hit by a car and killed.

Later that night, the gang, or one just like it, beat up an off-duty fireman it caught taking a leak outdoors. If it was the same gang, they needn't have bothered. They could have taken the rest of the night off after the first attack, and rested on their laurels.

Not being literati, they didn't realize they'd already created the literary event of the season.

The second attack was barely noticed. But the first put Howard Beach on the map, and captured the imagination, such as it is, of the nation.

The first three victims were black. The attackers (and the fireman) were white.

And that was the story: a "racially motivated" attack that left one black man dead. Even if you counted it as a murder—as the special prosecutor eventually did—it was only one of about twenty thousand across the country last year. But it set off a verbal riot in the media—a terrifying wave of editorials, follow-ups, opinion columns, Op-Ed pieces, sermons, analyses, synecdoches, metaphors, diagnoses, prognoses, predictions, and imprecations.

The cancer of racism! Just beneath the surface! Howard Beach is only a symptom! Alarming increase of racial incidents! Nationwide pattern! Disturbing similarities! The first step is to acknowledge it! Climate that encourages discrimination! Policies of the Reagan Administration! Signals that racism is again "respectable"!

Civil-rights leaders and demonstrators poured into the streets, accompanied by legions of reporters and TV cameras. Governor Cuomo took the local DA off the case and named a special prosecutor. One of the blacks and his lawyer charged a coverup and refused to cooperate. Mayor Koch called the crime "a racial lynching" and "the most horrendous crime" in all his years as mayor, spoke at a Howard Beach church (where he was shouted down), popped up on the Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*, and called for a federal commission to study the problem, the *cancer*, of racism.

And the pundits: Jack Newfield, Roger Wilkins, William Raspberry, Carl Rowan, William Buckley, Murray Kempton, Jimmy Breslin, Norman Podhoretz, Don Feder, Ray Kerrison, yours truly, and many others all had a say. *Time* and *Newsweek* and the TV networks gave it big coverage. The New York press stayed on the case, day after day, stepping over the corpses of victims of subsequent murders while following the Howard Beach story.

Details emerged—about the kids (one had dated a black girl, who spoke warmly of him), the victims (one stabbed his girlfriend a few days after the crime, when she woke him up too early), the neighborhood (the people were afraid of crime and resented being made a symbol of racism). The rhetorical tide swelled and sank, and swelled again: First Howard Beach was a lowdown blue-collar Italian sort of place, a hotbed of the Wrong Attitudes; then it became more Understandable, no worse than the rest of the country, and so forth.

The *Times* editorial page droned on: ". . . racism is once again on the rise . . . ugly incidents on half a dozen campuses . . . Reagan Administration . . . civil rights has receded from the national consciousness . . . Americans must be willing to confront . . ." *The Village Voice* did a major spread: ". . . senseless attack . . . raw hatred and fear . . . New York has been loathe [*sic*] to confront its own racism . . . deeply ingrained . . . first step is to bring it out in the open and acknowledge it . . ."

The New Republic, however, walked off with the prize for ritual incantations, leaving all the other Foes of Bigotry gasping far behind. A single editorial contained (I've skipped the ellipses) "view each other across a gulf of physical and psychological separation mutual suspicion and

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ingrained hostility shameful stains on American society that must be eliminated insensitive to the concerns of blacks worst residual instincts among whites our flawed democracy dangerously counterproductive remaining economic and social barriers to the full and equal participation of black people in American life the cycle of poverty dependency and underachievement that now defines the lives of more and more black people the historical experience of racial oppression elimination of racial discrimination continuing necessity to experiment with new solutions outdated fears the role of government is to provide the kind of moral leadership enormous waste of human potential" The miracle of word processing!

The winner in the Precious Conceit category was Jack Beatty, writing on the *Times* Op-Ed page. He managed to tie Howard Beach to the territorial instinct, Reagan's deficit, and Immanuel Kant. Sample: "President Reagan's deficit, indeed, institutionalizes irrationality." Creative writing, indeed. Roger Wilkins, same page, saw Howard Beach as part of a Pattern, which included Klan rallies, Reagan policies, and books arguing that the welfare system doesn't work. Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* led to Howard Beach.

Bill Buckley tried to restore perspective by pointing out that a country whose favorite TV program is *The Cosby Show* can hardly be called "racist." I'd go further. Cosby appeals to white America's nostalgic affection for an endangered species—the Vanishing Negro. He's what we *thought* we were going to get by passing civil-rights laws, and what we wish to hell we'd gotten.

II.

WHAT ACTUALLY DID happen at Howard Beach? Nothing much, in the sense usually understood. Was it a "racist incident"? Maybe, maybe not. If you're out with your buddies looking for trouble on a Friday night, and you find three colored guys from another neighborhood, they'll do. And if you club them with baseball bats, what are you going to call them—"Afro-American citizens"? No, you'll reach for the obvious epithet. You'll *make* it a racist incident. If you find a white object for your attentions, you'll have to come up with something else.

In a country of a quarter of a billion people, it would be surprising if there weren't an explicitly white-on-black crime now and then. If the whole country is "racist," there should be quite a few of them, and any single one shouldn't rate national attention.

So why did Howard Beach get so much media coverage? An indirect answer comes from Thomas Friedman, Jerusalem bureau chief of the *New York Times*, grappling with the question why Israel, a faraway country the size of New Jersey, gets so much media attention. The answer is *not* the number of Jews in the American media, he argues, since the European press gives Israel just about the same amount of coverage. The answer is that Israel has mythic resonance for all Westerners.

"Men have never taken the world just as it comes," he observes. "We need to explain the world to ourselves, and, to do so, we have used stories—myths and fables—to record our experiences and shape our values. In most cultures, these narratives are tied together by what has been called a 'super story.' Religions are a super story. Ideologies can be a super story. The super stories determine which information about ourselves is important and which is not. Where Israel comes in is that it is central to what is simply the oldest, most familiar super story of Western civilization. The Bible is the first edition."

He quotes Yaron Ezrahi, an Israeli political theorist: "The Bible, the original super story, still constitutes the controlling myth of Western civilization, history, and religions. No other story, no other vocabulary, no other framework of understanding can match its familiarity."

All news is "biased," in that it's the selection of information in accordance with tacit standards of relevance. We notice the bias when the news is chosen to fit a "super story" the audience doesn't necessarily subscribe to. All earthquake stories are biased against earthquakes, but the bias is unanimous, and nobody complains. But the super story behind the Howard Beach story was Racist America. The very fact that it was empirically atypical made it all the more dramatic as a synecdoche.

The reasoning is spectacularly circular. To validate its original heavy coverage, the *Washington Post* sent a reporter to talk to the residents of Howard Beach, some of whom obligingly talked about "niggers" and otherwise spoke in an idiom nice editorial writers don't employ. One said: "I hate black people and I always will. I'm prejudiced and I'm proud of it." Others referred to the local integrated high school as "a jungle." The *Post* had the story it was after—just as it did when Janet Cooke wrote her Pulitzer Prize-winning story about "Jimmy," the eight-year-old black heroin addict, with the minor difference that Miss Cooke invented her facts. The moral was the point, and the moral remained intact.

"News" consists not only of high-impact events, but of

Later that night . . .

Just two hours after three blacks were attacked in the early morning of December 20, and only two blocks away from the now infamous New Park Pizzeria, a gang of white youths "wielding baseball bats and tree limbs" attacked a white off-duty fireman and broke his leg in four places.

Initial police reports dismissed the obvious connection between the two events because the fireman "didn't hear his attackers mention anything about an earlier fight," as if the standard procedure in gang attacks were to recite the evening's score to each new victim. Though the mugging of the fireman, if committed by the same group, would dramatically change the picture of what happened at Howard Beach—from "Racial Assault" to "Punks on Rampage"—the incident has received little attention. Most local papers have mentioned it, but no news organization has spent any resources trying to confirm the link.

A spokesman for Queens District Attorney John Santucci told *NR*, "A lot of people in law enforcement think the same thing, that the same white kids may have been involved in both incidents. But there's still an ongoing investigation into the firefighter's case. No arrests have been made, no witnesses have been called." —BOB MACK

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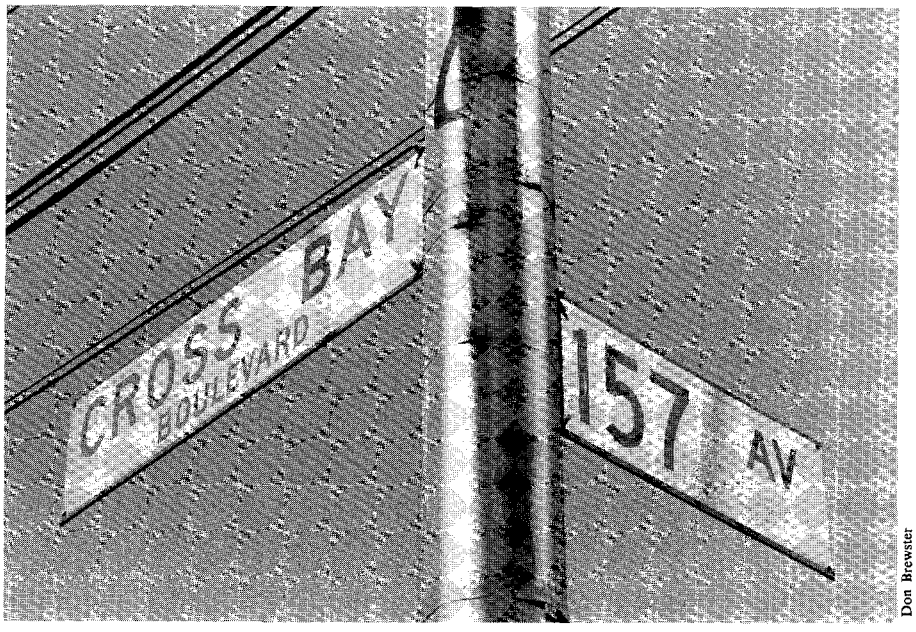
The Howard Beach incident offered an occasion to attitudinize. That's why I call it the literary event of the season. It was, for *New York Times* readers, what the death of Liberace was for readers of the *National Enquirer*



Don Brewster

local events of low impact that can be assimilated to pet myths. But most journalists are unaware of their commitment to myths, and think of themselves as, in Dan Rather's words, "honest brokers of information." You don't shoot the messenger for bringing bad news! Except that the messenger exercises a lot of discretion as to which news to deliver. If the mailman did that, he'd lose his job.

As long as they get their chosen facts straight and deliver the news and the cues in deadpan fashion, journalists tend to think they've satisfied the canons of "objectivity." Keep overt moralizing out, keep "fact" segregated from "opinion," and you've done your job. Because they usually do this, journalists can't understand why conservatives see them as liberal. They are, of course, but they're sure it doesn't show, at least not very much.

And conservatives haven't always specified their complaints very well. "Accuracy" in the media isn't the primary problem; there are keen professional scruples about accuracy, and you can't blame people too much for occasional honest mistakes.

The real problem resides at a higher level of abstraction. The media are so saturated with myth that it's fair to see "news" as an early stage on the assembly line whose final product is a *New York Times* editorial. The Howard Beach incident, of no national importance in itself, offered an occasion to attitudinize. It had less to do with raw "fact" than with *l'art pour l'art.* It achieved the maximum ratio, this side of Janet Cooke, of opinion to datum.

That's why I call it the literary event of the season. It was, for properly cued *Times* readers, what the death of Liberace was for readers of the *National Enquirer.*

Miss Cooke fouled out. She violated the minimal condition of the game by making up the central peg of Fact. But the facts she made up demonstrated her grasp of the game itself. Black, poor, child, neglected, heroin, ghetto, illegitimate: She was perfectly keyed to sentimental fashion. She chose the correct symbols, and her publisher commended her for "telling it the way it is, rather than the way it's supposed to be."

Her version is still essentially "the way it is," and her lack of Fact to validate it means only that she had ventured, ahead of her time, into *pure journalism.* The public wasn't quite ready for it. A stubborn convention insists that the journalist adhere to representational canons—which are not, after all, very demanding—and forbids the great leap forward from the prevailing Impressionism to Abstract Expressionism. But it's coming, it's coming. The logic of the art requires it.

III.

TAKE A typical *Times* story: "Papandreou Devalues Drachma," or something along those lines. It's news, of sorts: It happened on one day, rather than another. But it poses no menace to the *Times*'s sober secular *Weltanschauung*, the way, say, a UFO story or an account of a miracle at Lourdes would. At that level, most "news" isn't new: It's the self-confirmation of a closed perceptual field, from which major deviations are automatically screened out.

The perceptual field is constituted by myth: a "super story" imbedded in certain metaphysical assumptions. History has such-and-such a form: Watch—we'll show you how the day's events illustrate it. Emphasis is accordingly given to those events which prove the *Times* editorial page was right all along. Disconfirming evidence has to sneak in, at the tail end of a story on page 27, unless of course

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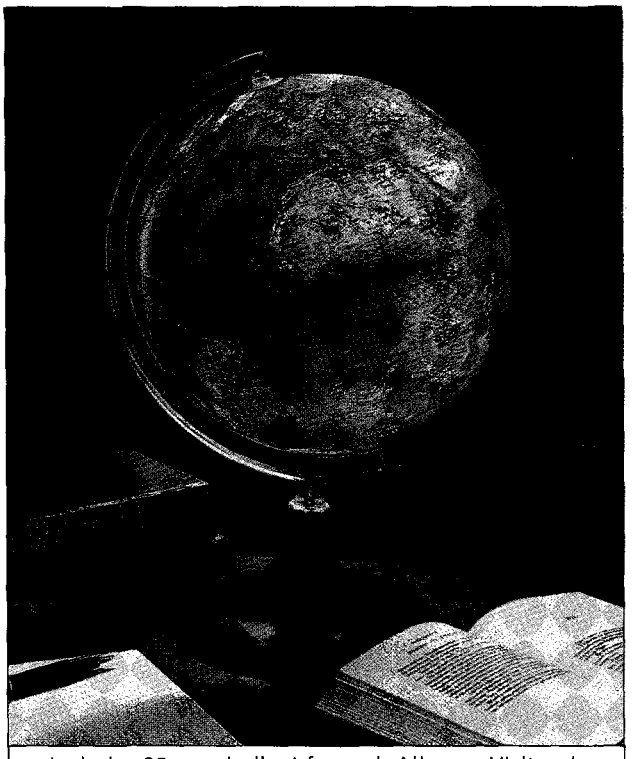

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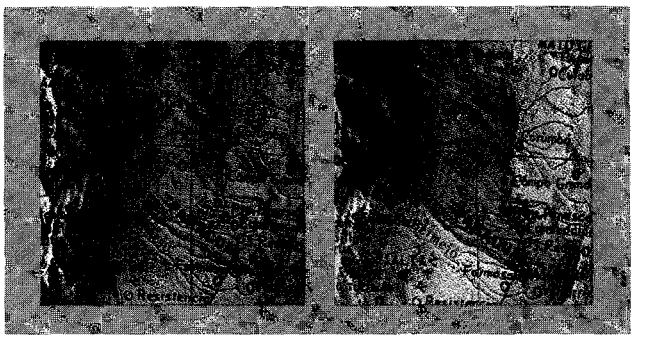

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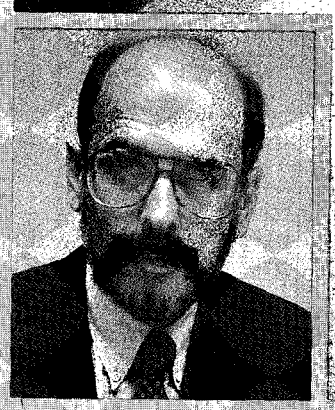

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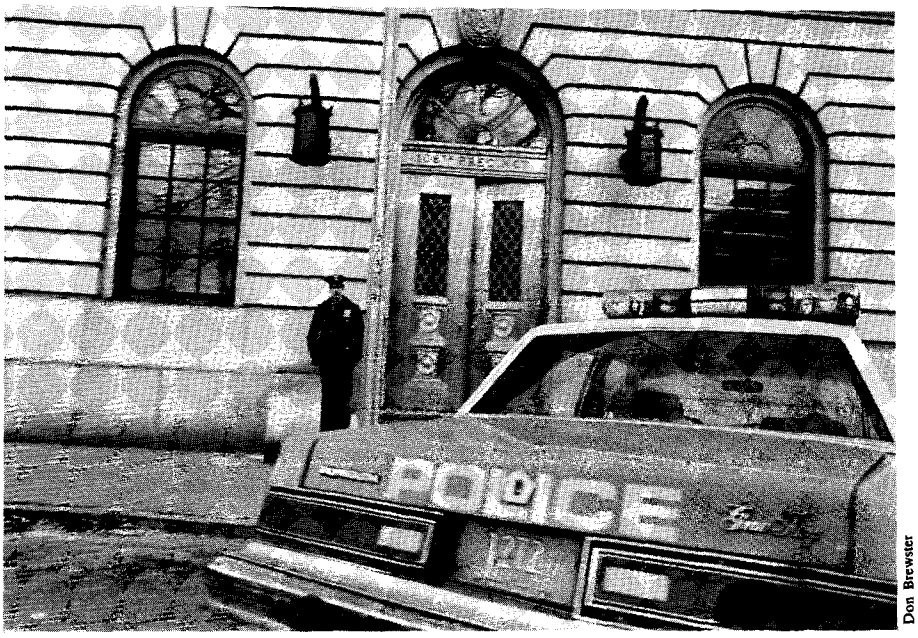
The forces of the Past come equipped with a discernible set of traits: bigotry, greed, hate, ignorance, extremism—terms that by now all have a 'right-wing' whiff about them. Ever heard of a left-wing hate-group?



Don Brewster

it's barging into all the other papers at the same time and *has* to be featured. This is why the *Times* is, on the whole, a soporific enterprise. Its main activity is recycling. It makes a habit of telling its readers what they already, in principle, know: that, for instance, the drachma can be devalued.

The "respectable" media—as distinct from the sensationalist tabloids, which favor *news*—are those which stay within the closed field. The fewer banner headlines, the more respectable, since banner headlines register surprise, and to be surprised is to admit you didn't know, in principle, what to expect. Being surprised is a little bit *infra dignitatem*. Hence the *Times*'s special tone, the drowsy hum of the cognitive elite, to which every event comes as mere Fact, nothing to get excited about. This demeanor is the model of journalistic Objectivity.

The super story is Progress, the long view. "Value judgments" of good and evil represent unseemly impulses or old prejudices; they are "simplistic." Anthony Lewis, *Times* columnist, in 1975 attacked the "cultural arrogance" of those who condemned out of hand the forced march of three million Cambodians out of Phnom Penh, and praised the *Times*'s own correspondent, Sydney Schanberg, for suspending judgment. Lewis took the progressive long view: The Communists might be acting on behalf of a "vision of a new society." Wait and see.

In the progressive myth, there is no Good or Evil, as traditionally understood: The ultimate categories are Past and Future. The world is broadly divided into the forces of the Past versus those of the Future, reactionary and progressive, politely termed "conservative" and "liberal" when necessary. Most political conflicts can be typed in these terms and treated journalistically as so many little segments of the super story.

In *The Whig Interpretation of History*, Herbert Butterfield objected to the general tendency of historians to "see in each generation the conflict of the future against the past, the fight of what might be called progressive versus reactionary." If trained scholars find it hard to kick this mythopoeic habit even in contemplative moments, it isn't going to be any easier for the evening-news team beating inflexible deadlines. The myth, in fact, offers a convenient frame of reference for constructing "stories" from a welter of data.

The progressives' own value judgments don't have to be stated. They're built into the form of the stories themselves. The forces of the Past come equipped with a discernible set of traits: bigotry, greed, hate, selfishness, ignorance, zealotry, extremism—terms that by now all have a "right-wing" whiff about them. Ever heard of a liberal or left-wing bigot or hate-group?

By the same token, the forces of the Future can be discerned by their compassion, idealism, hope, intelligence, openness to new ideas. (Who ever heard of being open to *old* ideas?)

And there's another category: the victims. Victims of the Past, of Society—*our* past and *our* society, of course. These are the moral protégés of the progressive forces, and their "plight" is our guilt. Stories about the Victims are always meant to nudge us toward government action, of which there can never be too much. Socialism is the unspoken paradigm of Progress. You can't get any more progressive than that.

The mythology determines the tone of just about any

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specific story on South Africa, "social" spending, the Pentagon, "civil rights," disarmament talks, Chile, abortion, and various other perennial topics. It also limits criticism of the Soviet Union: Since socialism is never criticized *in principle*, negative attention attaches only to details like the treatment of "dissidents." This costs little, since the Catholic Church's internal discipline is likewise covered as a matter of persecution. As for Communist persecution of Christians, it hardly registers: Christians, especially Catholics, are reactionary, and, according to the mythology, progressives *can't* persecute reactionaries. It doesn't make sense! So Jonestown was treated not as a story of a left-wing fanatic ("Let's die like good socialists, friends!" Jones said, ladling out the Kool-Aid), but as an object lesson on "cults," religious zealots.

The mythology also generates an etiquette, a set of progressive proprieties, breach of which can mean embarrassment and even political ruin. The most famous example was James Watt's crack about having appointed "a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple." Ed Meese caught hell for saying there was little real hunger in America, when everyone *knows* there's "invisible poverty." The media carefully observe the progressive etiquette, beginning with diction: "black," "gay," "spokesperson." One of liberalism's great coups has been to transmute ideology into etiquette: A code of behavior in minutiae is awkward to argue with. The wrong opinion, the wrong word, can be a headline-making "gaffe," a social blunder, disclosing lack of compassion, unraised consciousness, "insensitivity." Note that "insensitivity," or offending progressive sensibilities, is a vice—whereas "irreverence," offending reactionary sensibilities, is a healthy, spunky, refreshing sort of thing.

Zeroing in on reactionary "gaffes" is a media genre in itself: the embarrassing close-up shot. It's done to Jim Watt, it's done to Howard Beach. The selective attention is that of a roving searchlight, looking for culprits to embarrass, rather than the neutral relaying of "information."

Aware of their power and at least half aware of their predilections, the media have coined a pair of self-justifying phrases to incorporate their denial of ideological animus: "investigative journalism" and "the adversary press." These at least suggest that there's *initiative* behind the patterns of media attention, although they are meant to be accepted as assurances of tough-minded, politically impartial skepticism. Media skepticism is selective, though. Lyndon Johnson didn't meet the "adversary press" when he was pushing the (progressive) Great Society programs: He ran into it when he pursued the (reactionary) war in Vietnam. Richard Nixon got adversary treatment all along—except when he took the (progressive) step of reaching accords with Communist rulers. The correct phrase for what we're talking about is Embarrassment Journalism, and what the media want to embarrass is the Right. It's a reflex. They can hardly imagine any alternative. Their entire nervous system is progressive.

That's why the news seems so profoundly repetitive. The media are forever seeking evidence to vindicate their own prejudices. And every prejudice can find such evidence. As soon as the Iran-Contra business was dubbed "-gate," the sorts of data that would be reported were clear: The case was assigned to the same super story as Watergate.

The TV camera was made to order for the cheap synecdoche, the quick news bite that can be presented as a symbol, an iceberg tip. The media prated about "the sleaze factor" for months, then made a big story of a pair of cufflinks Meese had been given. Howard Beach was victimized by just such camera tricks. Every bit of ethnic slang uttered within earshot of a reporter was suddenly eligible for massive amplification. *Newsweek* quoted a bit of racial graffiti it found at Smith College. National news is anything that gets reproduced nationwide. Half a dozen graffiti, collected from divers parts, constitute a "nationwide pattern."

IV.

And "racism." What's that?

It used to mean something definable: a belief in the superiority of one race.

Is Howard Beach racist? Is America? The first point to observe is that the word now has no definition and would lose most of its utility if it did. It's a piece of liberal billingsgate, a name without a thing, though liberal social philosophers discuss it as if it were a real substance, like Pythagoreans discussing the quintessence.

The second point to observe is that it's not up to anyone to decide whether he himself is "racist." It's not a matter of squaring things with meanings any more. We're in ideological Wonderland now. If the relevant opinion cartel declares you "racist," you're racist.

So what those questions mean is this: Are Howard Beach and America the kinds of things that the people who declare things "racist" would declare "racist"? And the answer is obvious: Yes.

Think of all the energy expended nowadays *avoiding* being declared "racist" (or "sexist," or "homophobic"). The charges emanate from amorphous clouds of attitude, and amount to cues to others of like attitude to look, note, smear, ostracize, boycott, denounce, deplore, or bomb, as time and means afford. An informal defamation league takes care of these matters.

Little provocations suffice. Subtle turns of phrase have gotten the aforementioned Buckley declared "racist" on several occasions. (After all, racism *is* subtle.) It works on the barking-dog principle: One barks, they all bark. Only the first knows why. Bishop Berkeley (no pun intended) had it right: To be is to be perceived. If you're "perceived" as a racist, you *are* one, until the perception wears off.

The *Washington Post* reports that residents of a certain part of Queens have become diffident about saying where they live. "Nowadays, when we are asked where we are from, we say New York," one said. "Howard Beach has become infamous." The media have created a brand-new prejudice, against Howard Beach. So its people now hope to "pass"—that's what it's come to. The world has learned to associate Howard Beach with one thing.

But isn't that only natural? It's what we all do: We go on the information we have, plus mental associations. That's why people make rapid judgments about race, too.

What do you associate "black" with? Africa? Slave ships? Lincoln? Jackie Robinson? *Brown* v. *Board of Education*? Martin Luther King? Or the kid who took your wallet? Say the latter, and you can be . . . declared. All the others are conventional literary associations; they're safe. Bring it down to personal experience, especially of the unpleasant kind, and you're asking for trouble from

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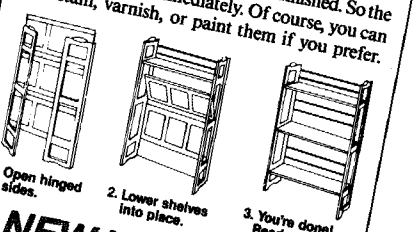

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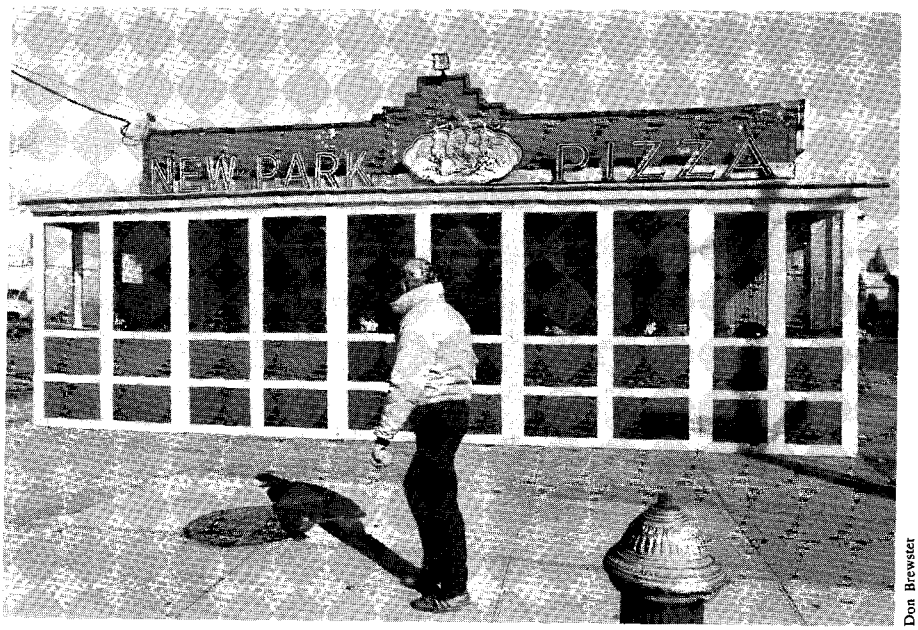
Sociology is among other things the study of distinctive forms of group behavior. It can say in Latin things we're forbidden by the taboos to say in plain English. A 'bigot' is a guy who gets caught practicing sociology without a license



Don Brewster

the opinion cartel. You run afoul of the dominant taboos, the progressive etiquette.

Certain things may be known and acted on, even by *Times* editorial writers, but they mustn't be said, unless you're sure the progressive thought police aren't around. Never mind the First Amendment, pal. That's for pornographers and Commies.

You're in the subway, and there's a kid sitting nearby. Nervous? That depends. Without saying a word, he "gives off" information about himself, voluntarily or not. One of the data is his race. That counts—along with height, weight, dress, demeanor, eye movements, and a lot of other things you don't note discretely. You react, while trying not to seem to be reacting to *him*, for reasons of prudence, shame, courtesy. You edge away, maybe. You won't tell anyone about this. No reason you should. It may happen several times a day, and you forget it quickly each time. You're glad you don't have to explain it all to some goddamn sociologist, who might regard *you* as the guilty party. And maybe you are. But you've got to be careful.

So much enters into these little encounters, so much more than you can tabulate: observations, intuitions, memories, associations, rumors, judgments, to the sum of which John Henry Newman gave the fancy name "the illative sense." That's how the mind works when the mouth is shut. Newman summed it up succinctly: Everybody has a reason, but not everybody can *give* a reason. It would be fanatical to treat race as the only factor, but it's doctrinaire to demand that it not be *one* factor. We're not supposed to notice it? Ah . . . the color-blind society. Remember? The forces of Social Progress used to talk about that, but even they couldn't make it work, so they came up with affirmative action: Race may be noticed, but only for progressive purposes. You can even make invidious racial generalizations, provided they're about whites, Howard Beach, America. You can say what a violent society this is, so long as you don't narrow it down to who's committing so much of the violence.

Sometimes all you have to go on are stereotypes, broad impressions. They are no substitute for more refined knowledge, but they may be a stepping stone to it. "All stereotypes are more or less accurate," says John Murray Cuddihy, a sociologist. Sociology, after all, is among other things the study of distinctive forms of group behavior. It can say in Latin things we're forbidden by the taboos to say in plain English. A "bigot" can be defined as a guy who gets caught practicing sociology without a license.

So I'm saying racial prejudice is okay? Please. I'm not an idiot. One of the problems with trying to discuss ethnic matters in good old First Amendment free-speech let-it-all-hang-out Age of Candor America is that the minute you depart from the ritual cant, you have to prove you're *not* saying so many things. The ideology of the taboo-mongers posits bigotry everywhere . . . just beneath the surface . . . in all the lacunae of idiomatic speech, more or less the way the old physics posited the ether filling all the unexplored space of the universe. They think it *must* be there, so for them it's always plausible to impute it. "Civil rights" is now based on the presumption of guilt—against whites. If you're not in lockstep with Progressive Attitudes, you're a bigot until proven otherwise.

Not that there aren't a lot of bigots in this society. That's why I'd like to kill those little bastards in Howard Beach who gave all white people a bad name. □

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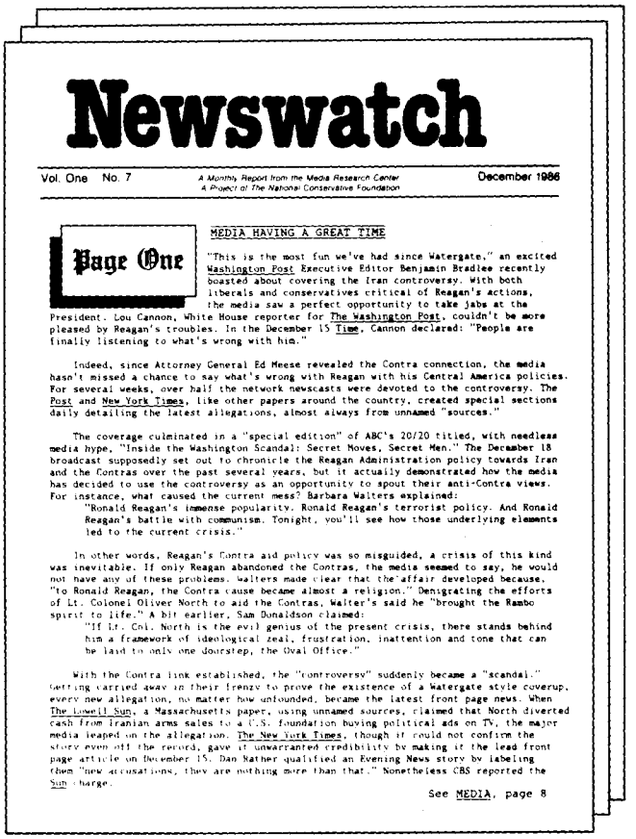
—Senator Jesse Helms



Newswatch

Vol. One No. 7 — *A Monthly Report from the Media Research Center, A Project of The National Conservative Foundation* — December 1986

Page One

MEDIA HAVING A GREAT TIME

"This is the most fun we've had since Watergate," an excited Washington Post Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee recently boasted about covering the Iran controversy. With both liberals and conservatives critical of Reagan's actions, the media saw a perfect opportunity to take jabs at the President. Lou Cannon, White House reporter for The Washington Post, couldn't be more pleased by Reagan's troubles. In the December 15 Time, Cannon declared: "People are finally listening to what's wrong with him."

Indeed, since Attorney General Ed Meese revealed the Contra connection, the media hasn't missed a chance to say what's wrong with Reagan with his Central America policies. For several weeks, over half the network newscasts were devoted to the controversy. The Post and New York Times, like other papers around the country, created special sections daily detailing the latest allegations, almost always from unnamed "sources."

The coverage culminated in a "special edition" of ABC's 20/20 titled, with needless media hype, "Inside the Washington Scandal: Secret Moves, Secret Men." The December 18 broadcast supposedly set out to chronicle the Reagan Administration policy towards Iran and the Contras over the past several years, but it actually demonstrated how the media has decided to use the controversy as an opportunity to spout their anti-Contra views. For instance, what caused the current mess? Barbara Walters explained:

"Ronald Reagan's immense popularity. Ronald Reagan's terrorist policy. And Ronald Reagan's battle with communism. Tonight, you'll see how those underlying elements led to the current crisis."

In other words, Reagan's Contra aid policy was so misguided, a crisis of this kind was inevitable. If only Reagan abandoned the Contras, the media seemed to say, he would not have any of these problems. Walters made clear that the affair developed because, "to Ronald Reagan, the Contra cause became almost a religion." Denigrating the efforts of Lt. Colonel Oliver North to aid the Contras, Walter's said he "brought the Rambo spirit to life." A bit earlier, Sam Donaldson claimed:

"If Lt. Col. North is the evil genius of the present crisis, there stands behind him a framework of ideological zeal, frustration, inattention and tone that can be laid to only one doorstep, the Oval Office."

With the Contra link established, the "controversy" suddenly became a "scandal." Getting carried away in their frenzy to prove the existence of a Watergate style coverup, every new allegation, no matter how unfounded, became the latest front page news. When The Lowell Sun, a Massachusetts paper, using unnamed sources, claimed that North diverted cash from Iranian arms sales to a U.S. foundation buying political ads on TV, the major media leaped on the allegation. The New York Times, though it could not confirm the story even off the record, gave it unwarranted credibility by making it the lead front page article on December 15. Dan Rather qualified an Evening News story by labeling them "new accusations, they are nothing more than that." Nonetheless CBS reported the Sun charge.

See MEDIA, page 8

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TAMING THE NSC

IT IS A terrible thing for a Christian —a most imperfect one—to say, but I am convinced that President Reagan's current difficulties arise from his willingness to trust his friends and associates. A "hands off" administrator, Mr. Reagan probably told his National Security Advisors, "Do everything you can to get those poor people freed!" and trusted them to remain within the (admittedly murky) confines of the law. Whether this trust has led to actual violations of the law is currently *sub judice*, making comments irresponsible. What can be said is that President Reagan is politically the victim of a self-inflicted wound that could cripple American foreign and defense policy for the next two years.

Since Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's scenario, which (if accurately reported) relegates Ivan Boesky to the minors as a manipulator, began to unfold, a number of media types have asked me, "Could this have happened under Lyndon Johnson?" I have simply laughed and refused substantive comment. Although "Democrat" is included on my baptismal certificate, I am shamed by the behavior of eminent liberal Democrats who seem to have a vested interest in presidential catastrophe. Also I recall the Johnson White House, 1966-68—"the Alamo," I called it—and its resemblance to a great scene in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* where the vultures are gathered in the trees around the hut in which Gregory Peck is fighting for his life.

Without joining the vultures, however, it seems to me there are two important lessons to be learned from the current mess. The first is that Mr. Reagan (who in this respect eerily resembles my longtime, dear friend, the late Hubert Humphrey) must learn the virtues of mistrust. Not *distrust*, which involves an element of moral culpability, but *mistrust*—an institutional recognition of the doctrine of Original Sin, secularized, of course, to avoid any church-state problems.

Lyndon B. Johnson was accused of being paranoid, suspicious, mean, mistrustful . . . of everything short of stealing from the church plate. Much of this was true. He trusted Lady Bird completely, but beyond that I don't think he even trusted himself: I recall him yelling at Abe Fortas over the phone sometime in 1968, "Why the hell didn't you stop me from making Ramsey [Clark] Attorney General? I love his daddy [Justice Tom Clark of the Supreme Court, a fellow Texan], but the boy's a marshmallow." Contrary to rumor, Johnson could look critically at his own role in events. He regaled Special Counsel Harry McPherson and me one evening with a lively twenty-minute account (oh, for a tape!) of how he as Senate Majority Leader had packed the Foreign Relations Committee with . . . well, let's say inferior intellects.

Unlike President Reagan, who debuted as governor of California, Johnson was a scarred veteran of the political trenches. The trail behind him was littered with the bleaching bones of opponents, or onetime friends who had tried to double-cross him. Has anyone ever noticed the lack of scandal in the Johnson Administration? (The one case, which only emerged later, was Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois, who at the time we set up the famous Kerner Commission impressed everybody as a candidate for beatification.) Much has been said about Bobby Baker, but if you look at the timeframe of the accusations against him, Johnson's comment to me seems apt: "After I left [to become Vice President], Bobby had too much free time; when he worked for me he didn't have time to piss, let alone steal."

The White House reflected Johnson's conviction that the United States had only one President at a time. I am convinced that LBJ ran the most efficient White House in modern times. Professors of public policy are still trying to figure out who did what. There was no chief of staff, no table of organization, no big flow chart on the wall with arrows for "input," "output," "feedback," and other hocus-pocus. To an efficiency expert with a gold-plated MPA the place was an organizational shambles. What these efficiency wallahs fail to comprehend is that this chaos was functional, was efficient in terms of the Constitution, precisely because it guaranteed that no flunky could—to use one of LBJ's favorite pejoratives—"play President."

PERHAPS HERE we should set up some perspective on size. Johnson had about a dozen top aides, each with certain substantive responsibilities. Walt Rostow ran the National Security staff though never given the title of "Director"; he was listed simply as "Special Assistant to the President." Joe Califano handled the coordination of domestic programs, Bill Moyers (whom Johnson excommunicated in late 1966 for allegedly "playing President") and then George Christian were Press Secretaries, Marvin Watson and then Jim Jones were Appointments Secretaries, Harry McPherson was Special Counsel, and others handled relations with the Hill and miscellaneous matters. There was absolutely no hierarchy: Every one of us had a direct line to the President.

This didn't mean that the President was interested in what each of us had to say—on occasion he would get mad

Mr. Roche, Olin Distinguished Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University, was Special Consultant to President Johnson, 1966-69. He has also served on the U.S. Board for International Broadcasting and the National Council of the Humanities, and is currently a member of the U.S. General Advisory Commission on Arms Control and Disarmament.

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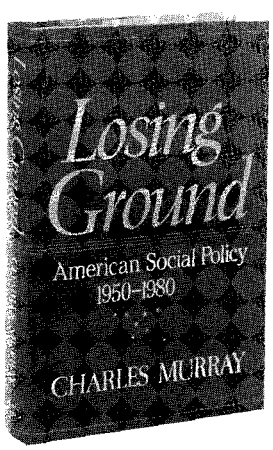
at someone and not return calls for a week or so. But there was no filter except his personal secretary, Marie Fehmer, who would simply tell him who had called. On each of our phone consoles there was a red button; lit up, it had the effect of the alarm bell in a firehouse, and any other call went on "hold." And it would often launch us on intriguing missions.

In fact, a number of us were *spies*. A typical call might go like this. "Johnny, I just heard from an old friend that Will Wirtz [Secretary of Labor] is itching to tuck it to George Meany [president of the AFL-CIO] over that under-secretary appointment. This I don't need. Now I'll give you three names and you go over there [the AFL-CIO headquarters on 16th Street] and find out if George will agree on a couple. I think he will, and then I'll handle Wirtz. Don't leave any footprints, and keep George out of it." I handled the AFL-CIO account for the President and promptly called Meany's executive assistant and my personal friend Lane Kirkland (now president of the AFL-CIO): "How about lunch over there? Can you afford it?"

Over I went to 815 16th Street. Kirkland had sent out for sandwiches, and I got down to business: "This discussion never took place." "Sure," said Lane in his wry Carolina drawl, "I know you have four witnesses who will swear you were lunching with Clare Boothe Luce at the Sulgrave Club." I put the proposition to him in the conditional/subjunctive: "In the event that the President were to nominate X or Y or Z, do you think Mr. Meany would be distressed?" "I'll call you by four," he replied, and at four I learned that Mr. Meany could live with X, preferred Y, but despised Z. At this point LBJ took over, and shortly Wirtz was happily announcing privately that he had forced X down Meany's throat. Johnson chuckled, called Meany and told him what a great American he was to suggest X, and a messy fight was averted. And LBJ had wanted X from the start.

My major task as spy was to make sure that nobody in the State Department, the Department of Defense, or the CIA was establishing a new foreign policy for the United States. While Johnson and Secretary Dean Rusk had a special personal relationship, this did not spill over to the rest of the State Department. In addition, Rusk looked on his role as that of direct advisor to the President rather than administrator of that labyrinthine enterprise. At Defense, Secretary McNamara was by the summer of 1967 in a funk over the failure of his computerized war game in Vietnam.

DETAILS CAN await my memoirs, but I can assert with certainty that in the course of my labors —which involved getting access to all relevant "back channel" cables, those sent by secure military or CIA means, such as the recent ones to the NSC from the U.S. Ambassador to Lebanon, which by-passed the State Department —I headed off three or four disruptive surprises. One in which I was



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involved to the eyeballs but which I failed to head off later surfaced in the Westmoreland libel suit: the numerological dispute between the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, in Saigon and the CIA in Langley over the number of Communist guerrillas that should be counted in the enemy order of battle.

Indeed, it was in the course of my exploration of this numbers game that I achieved local fame within the defense bureaucracy. At a meeting attended by various Vietnam experts from different agencies, I laid out the traditional scientific standard for evaluating any hypothesis: that it must be capable of empirical disproof. Example: If I assert that my cigar smoke has kept Weston, Massachusetts, free of deadly cobras, I can't prove it by the absence of cobras in Weston over the past quarter-century. (This was the kind of "proof" we were being handed on pacification in Vietnam.) Finally one of the participants, a good friend, said, "Damn it, John, don't you trust us?" I said, "Of course not. I'll be glad to loan you $50, but I'm paid to ensure that you guys, with all the sincerity in the world, don't hand us a crock." This is the difference between mistrust and distrust.

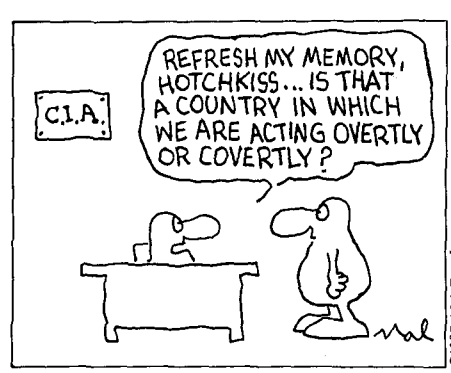
Space forbids chronicling one of my hardest assignments, trying to prevent Vice President Hubert Humphrey from spontaneously, and without any intrinsic disloyalty to Johnson, setting up a new country. I loved Hubert, but he had one great weakness (of which LBJ was aware): He suffered from acute "localitis"—that is, wherever he was, he wanted to lead the parade.

In October 1967, before I accompanied the Vice President on a state trip to Southeast Asia, President Johnson pulled me over at a function and said, "Johnny, for the love of God, keep Hubert out of trouble." I tried—and failed miserably. In Saigon Hubert delivered a nice tribute to American goals (which I had written with deliberate caution to avoid any press "peg") and then, as the crowd wildly cheered, gave two or three more speeches and concluded by almost offering personally to lead the invasion of North Vietnam. "Our great Asian adventure" is the phrase locked in memory. Fortunately it was 3 A.M. in Washington, so I just called the White House and left a message for the President indicating that the Secret Service stopped me from tackling the Vice President.

So much for the personal side of working with a mistrustful President, except to note that I believe mistrust should be a necessary qualification for holding any top executive job. Another way of putting it is that nobody should be allowed sole ownership of a piece of turf. As in the marketplace, but for different reasons, competition guarantees efficiency. For this reason Pat Moynihan and I have fought for years against the efficiency experts who want to consolidate all the intelligence agencies under one roof, one boss. As long as several outfits have claims to the same turf, no one can bottle up vital information or go into business for himself. From the President's viewpoint (FDR made a science of it), as long as the barons are engaged in turf fights, he will see all the options and be the only President in town. No one else can make the final decision.

One of the reasons I feel President Reagan is not guilty of deception was set forth in Leslie Gelb's loving portrait of Robert McFarlane in *The New York Times Magazine*, May 26, 1985. To quote: "According to White House officials, when he feels he knows the President's mind on an issue, he often signs *decision* [my emphasis] memorandums 'Robert C. McFarlane for the President' without even showing the memos to the President." John Poindexter I suspect imitated his mentor: The memo on Iranian arms from Oliver North and Poindexter recently uncovered had "OK: RR per JP."

Mr. Reagan's second problem is institutional. When we Alamo survivors, the "dirty dozen," vacated the White House, President Nixon replaced each of us with about three myrmidons. New Mickey Mouse ranks were established such as "Special Assistant with Cabinet Rank." Nixon would probably have needed the Kennedy Center to hold all his spear carriers. With Nixon came hierarchy: the "Prussian Guard." And into the conduct of foreign affairs rocketed Prince Henry the Navigator, who blindsided Secretary of State William Rogers and set up Kissingerdom in the White House.



The numbers tell the tale: Our National Security staff numbered 35 professionals (few military; the bulk seconded from State) and had a budget of $628,000. Walt Rostow cheerfully occupied a basement office that would shame an assistant professor at Harvard. He had no "press spokesman," and held no press conferences. If he (or any of us) had publicly allowed that we had to go along behind LBJ with a shovel to clean up the mess, a head would have been mounted on a pike the next morning. Walt never "played President," and I will swear he never tried to block Johnson's access to any vital information—I was reading the same stuff and reporting directly to LBJ.

PRINCE HENRY brought the NSC "Director" out of the basement into a spectacular, palatial first-floor office, hired *155* professionals, and utilized a modest $2,900,000 for his labors. He hired a flack, and it was hard to discover a day on which he did not hold a press conference. This is not said with rancor: I think Kissinger is a man of considerable talents, although having known him before he had a German accent (he came to New York at age ten and had a George Washington High School accent), I am bemused by his persona. What I think outrageous was his setting up the immense NSC honeycomb in which it was possible, because of excessive compartmentalization, for a lowly staffer (in fact all staffers should be lowly, whether they like it or not) to "play President," to operate without bureaucratic checks and balances.

Thus my last piece of advice to the President and to the committee of Brent Scowcroft, Ed Muskie, and John Tower, who are investigating the role and function of the NSC, is: Bust Kissingerdom, return the oversight of foreign policy to the Department of State, and restore the NSC to its original procedural tasks. The United States under the Constitution must have only one President at a time. The one we elected. □

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THE ELECTRONIC PEACE CORPS

A CHILEAN MAN lay dying of cancer; his doctors wanted to know if a drug might help.

Once they would have Telexed the Pan American Health Organization's offices in Washington. Then the PAHO would have mailed abstracts. The reply might have taken weeks to reach Chile —while the man twisted in pain. The delay might even have killed him.

But now the doctors had a new tool, a personal-computer network. Within hours, the Chileans had electronically received thousands of words of abstracts and decided they could safely prescribe the drug.

At long last the personal computer, the favorite machine of American yuppies, is beginning to help the people who need it most: those in poorer countries. Even now, small computers are catching on in the Third World, helping in such fields as medicine, disaster and famine relief, education, agriculture, general economic development, and government.

Computers offer a number of benefits to poorer countries. Personal computers can be operated at a fraction of the cost of Telexes and can avoid the months-long delays that international mail service at its worst can bring. Personal computers permit poorer countries to tap into electronic libraries—databases crammed with arcana on topics ranging from wheelchairs to evolutionary chemistry. Electronic spreadsheets and record keepers can help financial planners juggle scarce resources. Delegates from more than twenty underdeveloped nations are expected to attend a conference on micro communications this month at Baylor University Medical Center in Dallas, Texas. Not surprisingly, various foreign-aid agencies are experimenting with computer networking—not all of them American.

My own interest in using microcomputers in poorer countries arose out of my efforts to reach Arthur C. Clarke, the science-fiction writer, via a microcomputer over the phone lines between Alexandria, Virginia, and Sri Lanka during the writing of my book *Silicon Jungle*. What a struggle! We faced every conceivable problem from ethnic rioting and a national emergency—delaying the delivery of Clarke's Kaypro II—to overloaded phone circuits. I finally succeeded. So did Peter Hyams, the MGM/UA director, who needed Clarke's advice during the scriptwriting of the movie *2010* (based on a Clarke novel). Intrigued by this success, I have since served as an unpaid consultant to a project aimed at bringing scientific libraries to Sri Lanka—electronically.

It is personal computers that are making the difference. If nothing else, they are cheaper and easier to maintain than larger machines. A white-tiled room and an army of technicians are not necessary to operate a Kaypro II in the middle of the Sudan; the computer revolution puts local people more in charge of their technical destinies. There are already tens of thousands of personal computers—otherwise known as microcomputers or micros—in poorer countries.

Personal computers recently enabled Kenya to bring out its national budget on schedule for the first time in years. Kenyan officials worked with the figures on several IBM microcomputers with big built-in memories, or hard disks. Liz Shay, a microcomputer specialist with Thunder and Associates, an AID (U.S. Agency for International Development) contractor in Alexandria, Virginia, told me: "It's much larger than dropping a few micros here and there. They've computerized their entire budget process." In fact, the Kenyan government has succeeded so well in training programmers that it suffers the same woes that states and municipalities do in the U.S.—that is, private employers are luring away good people with higher salaries.

A leading U.S. pioneer in computer communications in poorer countries is Jerome Glenn. In 1982 Glenn was working for a private foreign-aid group, helping to put together a plan to assist the economies of Caribbean nations. A consultant for the group was on assignment in Haiti and Barbados, and Glenn wondered how the group could finish the plan quickly without the consultant's flying back to Washington. Mails were slow; Telex was too expensive; telephones did not pass on facts as precisely as written messages would.

SO GLENN'S consultant hooked up from Barbados via a suitcase-sized computer terminal. The success of the endeavor inspired Glenn. He helped Control Data Corporation set up a computer net for people in poorer countries. It failed. "They talked to the South Americans in computer jargon," Glenn says, "and they had year-old information in their computerized database." So he established a network of his own, Carinet. Glenn flew from country to country, persuading seven underdeveloped nations to tap into American computer nets that use packet-switching technology, which lets dozens of computers talk over a single line. Theoretically someone in the U.S. can send a thousand-word computer message anywhere in the world for less than a dollar, if the right equipment is in the destination country. The next time a Manhattan banker taps a few keys on his PC and sees daily updated figures from Africa, he might thank Glenn. Packet switching has now reached about seventy countries, through government expenditures, AID

Mr. Rothman, a Washington, D.C., writer, is the author of Silicon Jungle *(Ballantine, 1985) and of the forthcoming* XyWrite Made Easier: Taming the World's Fastest Word Processor *(TAB, 1987).*

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grants, or private local capital. Systems can cost as little as $30,000 in a small country, and can speed messages over the wires at one-tenth the cost of Telex.

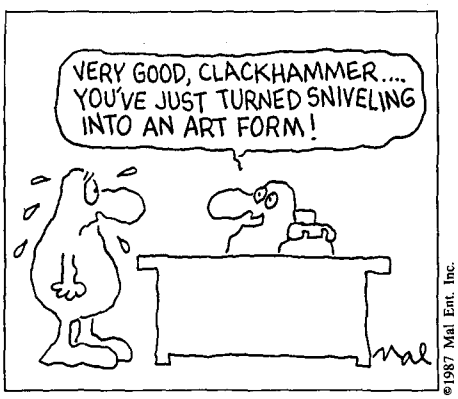
As useful as this new technology is for American bankers, it's even more useful to entrepreneurs in poor countries. Consider a potter in rural Malawi, who wanted to know if he could change the shape of his ceramic pots slightly so they could be used as electric insulators. The reply came back in a day, and a factory in Malawi is now churning out insulators. Microcomputer networks can also keep producers in Third World countries up to date on market conditions. Farmers in Jamaica, for example, have used computer-sent information to avoid burdening the American market with the pumpkins they were planning to grow. A privately funded Miami-based foundation for Third World development warned: Plant peppers, not pumpkins. The farmers listened and turned a profit.

HIGH TECH turns out to have humanitarian uses as well. Electronic libraries can take some of the burden off men like Greg Dixon. "In Latin America most people have a problem finding anything in print on which to rely. I've seen a medical school in Ecuador with fewer than two hundred textbooks," says Dixon, a staffer at Partners of the Americas, a group that provides technical help and cultural and athletic exchanges. Dixon, who works with the handicapped, spends a great deal of time answering phone calls and letters from the information-starved. "A lot of requests we get," he says, "are like, 'I've got a kid who has cerebral palsy and he loves to read, and we need something to help him flip the pages.' We want Latin American resource centers to get this information directly. People like me are gatekeepers. We're overloaded and can't handle the volume."

But the single most important application of micro networks may be in the field of medical research. A six-nation medical-research network started by Baylor University Medical Center, with funding from the National Cancer Institute and Apple Computer, has started a computer net to speed up cancer research. Scientists with more patients in more locations to work with will be better able to compare unusual cases. Hence microcomputer networks can become doctors' tools just like microscopes and stethoscopes.

The Oswaldo Cruz Institute in Rio de Janeiro is among the world's leading organizations studying infectious diseases. One target of international research, inevitably, will be AIDS. But even more important to the Cruz Institute right now is Chagas, a disease afflicting eight million Latin Americans. Named after the Brazilian doctor who described it, the parasite, spread by a beetle-like insect, attacks the heart and central nervous system causing heart failure, sometimes before the doctors even identify the true cause. Some fear Chagas may spread to the United States—just as AIDS reached us from Haiti and Africa; among other things, recent arrivals in the U.S. might sell Chagas-sullied blood. The beetle-like carriers, albeit uncontaminated, have even shown up in Maryland and in the Dallas area. In Brazil, thanks to a grant from Apple Computer, researchers hope to fight Chagas partly through microcomputers. They will laser-scan the gelled specimens from Chagas patients, and, as bits and bytes, the facts about the genetic material will enter an Apple computer. Then the information will travel over a computer network to the United States and other countries for analysis. No longer will the Latin Americans have to wait days and days for their northern colleagues' letters. Almost instantly a researcher in Brazil will be able to send a message to counterparts from Venezuela to Texas.

There are some risks involved in the worldwide spread of microcomputer technology. Silicon chips, of course, cannot automatically impart morality or democracy, and the new technology can make oppressive regimes more efficient and deadly. But the benefits—both political and economic—far outweigh the risks. Oppressive regimes everywhere fear the openness of micro communications; the Soviet Union's computer backwardness, for instance, is partly due to the totalitarianism there. It has quickly become a truism that a micro network is like a printing press: a way to spread information fast. Microcomputers need not even be connected electronically to do speed communications. The fanciest computer printers—the equivalents of which will find their way even into poorer countries over the next two decades—can spew out copy as fast as many Xerox machines.



A lot has already been done to promote the international use of microcomputers, both by private groups and by various governments. The U.S., however, has been slow to catch on. When asked how microcomputers are faring at the hands of budget planners at the Agency for International Development and elsewhere, Roger Nicholson, former worldwide training director of the Peace Corps, told me: "Funds have been cut back dramatically."

What we need is an electronic peace corps, to call attention to the benefits of microcomputers. An electronic peace corps could help people in poorer countries use our databases and also set up their own. Also, it could match up foreigners needing help with Americans willing to give it via computer networks and otherwise. An electronic peace corps could emphasize medical research and other work that would have the most effect on the lives of ordinary people. It would be a logical way to help fund networks such as the one that the Chagas researchers are using. Above all, the EPC would closely monitor the spending and effectiveness of U.S. and foreign groups it funded. "Without training and spare parts," warns Roger Nicholson, "microcomputers will be like the bulldozers that we send overseas, only to see them rust."

The joy of personal computers is that a little money goes a long way. Thousand-dollar microcomputers today can do what mainframes did just a decade or two ago, and an electronic peace corps could contract with existing international computer networks to reduce investments in large machines. Properly supervised, an electronic peace corps could use technology to stretch our foreign-aid resources, not tax them. □

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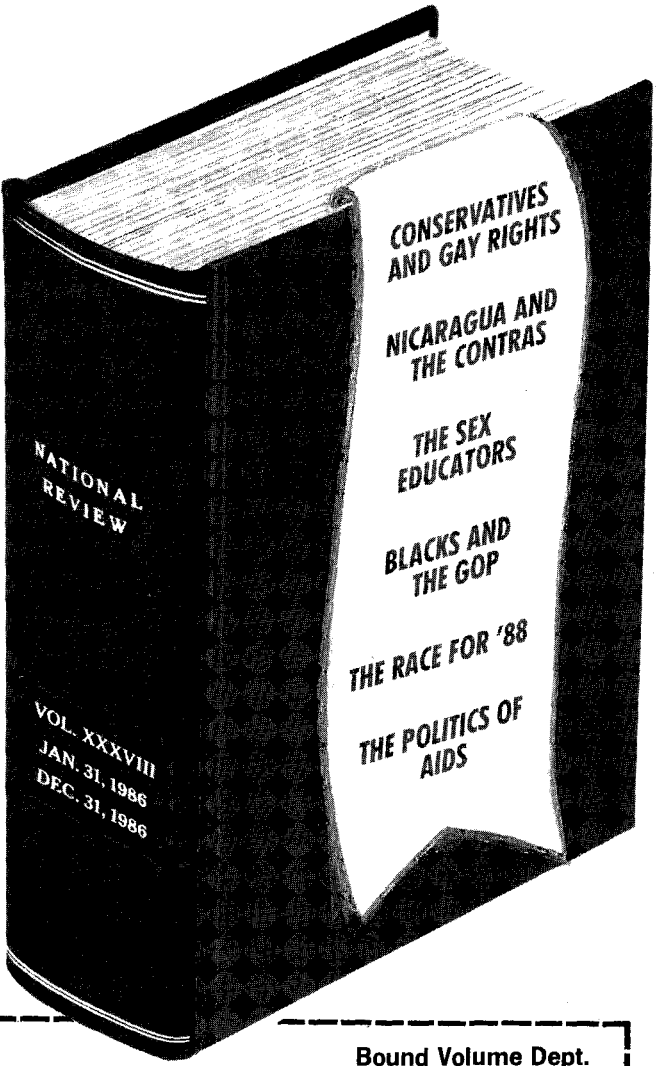

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THE GOOD, THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL

Now Matthew Arnold was a liberal—in the older sense. And how different his liberalism was from what we must deal with in our colleges today. I call attention here to an all-but-forgotten essay of his, a minor masterpiece called "An Eton Boy," about a young graduate of Eton, Lieutenant Arthur Clynton Baskerville Mynors, who died in South Africa during the Zulu War of 1879. The essay celebrates Mynors as the perfection of an English type, and it follows him through his letters and diary from the time he and his regiment sailed from England.

"When we started we were lustily cheered by crowds on the shore; the band played 'Should old acquaintance,' etc., and we soon lost sight of England . . . Saturday, in the Bay of Biscay, it was awful; the waves were mountains high . . . Have the hounds had any sport, and how are grandpapa and grandmama? . . . There are no end of porpoises and dolphins all along the coast."

At Durban, "the country looks beautiful, like Wales, only all the hills are bush." The regiment marches to relieve Colonel Pearson, who is surrounded by Zulus at Fort Ekowe. Part of the drama here involves Lieutenant Mynors's evolving view of the Zulus, the honesty of his respect for his enemy. "The Zulus or niggers here are scarcely human beings, naked and their skins like leather," he writes. But he has clear-eyed perceptions that go further: "No one knows where the Zulu armies are; one day they are seen at one place, another at another; one meal lasts them for three days, and the bush they can creep through like snakes . . . they come and watch us; in fact they know everything that goes on." "The Zulus are very fine men, use assegaies and rifles of some sort."

The British soldiers bathe in the Monoti River, "where alligators and hippopotami are numerous."

Then the first battle: "We saw the enemy coming out of a dingle in files . . . and soon our men were blazing away, shots whizzing over our heads, the Gatling at the corner pounding it into them . . . We counted and buried 476, but a great many were found the same day by our scouts, wounded and hiding in the bushes miles off . . ."

And later: "The country is perfectly lovely; such grass and woods, hills, most beautiful flowers and trees . . ."

On Saturday, April 12, Lieutenant Mynors comes down with dysentery. "I was taken awfully seedy in the night. . . . The bad water and lowering food and bad climate are enough to kill anybody. . . . The nights get colder, and the sun is hotter than any English sun in the daytime."

Arnold: "He never got home, and he wrote no more; the cold nights and heavy dews, and suns 'hotter than any English sun' had done their work."

A Colonel Hopton described the end: "When I saw him I did not think he would recover. His servant was with him, who was very attentive to him. We gave him what medical comforts could be got, such as beef tea and champagne . . . he was quite sensible and followed all I said, and repeated some of the prayers after me." Later, "I found a Captain Cardew, one of the staff officers, with him. He had just read the 14th chapter of St. John to him . . . His servant Starman was most struck by the heroic and resigned way in which his master bore the pain of his disease shortly before his death. . . . Starman . . . was about to smooth his pillow for him, when the boy, with a smile that as he said he will never forget, turned and whispered: 'Hush, don't touch me, I am going to heaven'; and so fell asleep." He was 22 years old.

Arnold sums up his own view of Mynors: He was "an English boy with the tastes of his age and bringing up, with a keen love of sport, with a genuine love for the country, and a genuine eye for it—Greek in his simplicity and truth of feeling, Greek in his simplicity and truth of touch. We see him full of natural affection, and not ashamed of manifesting it; bred in habits of religion, and not ashamed of retaining them; without a speck of affectation, without a shadow of pretension . . . in the time to act, cheerfully active; in the time to suffer, cheerfully enduring. So to his friends he seemed, and so their testimony shows him."

Arnold concludes his essay by quoting, most appropriately, from Edmund Burke on "the tradition and life of England, which have gone to make 'the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humor of the English people.' "

Matthew Arnold most assuredly was a liberal—in the older sense. But this is scarcely what we mean by the term "liberal" today. Arnold set high store by what he often referred to as "centrality," the genuinely important, the indispensable core. And it would not have occurred to him to recruit for Eton or Oxford your hunchbacked lesbian Communist Eskimo. Nor was Amy Carter what he desired to produce. You could contentedly break bread with a liberal such as Arnold.

The good, the true, the beautiful: Matthew Arnold knew them when he saw them. Our colleges and universities recognize them too, with *ressentiment*. As Iago, the first new-style liberal dean, said of Cassio, "He hath a daily beauty in his life that makes me ugly." Of which more in the next "Ivory Foxhole." □

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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GORBACHEV FACING FAITH & NATIONALITY

ALTHOUGH THE men in the Kremlin are ideologically obliged to deny it, the Soviet Union is still a Russian empire. And since the mentality of Communism is genuinely leftist—which means, among other things, hostile to variety, to plurality—it strives automatically for a deadening equality and identity from the Baltic to the Pacific.

Of course, the old czarist regime had also wanted to Russify the empire. So when the Bolsheviks took over, in order to show that they were different, they divided the empire into "federated republics" along national lines. However, from the very beginning, the Kremlin worked to undermine the national identities of these republics by importing masses of Russians into them, thereby "crowding out" the local populations.

The first victim of this policy was the Karelian Republic, populated primarily by East Karelians, who are ethnically Finns. Understandably, Finland had always claimed Eastern Karelia. In order to rule out such claims forever, Russians were pumped into Soviet Karelia, which was demoted from the status of a Federated Republic (like the Ukraine or Byelorussia) to an Autonomous Republic within the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic.

A similar fate might, one day, be meted out to Estonia and Latvia, whose capitals, Reval (Tallinn) and Riga, have been invaded by Russians in order to obliterate their original national character. These two Baltic republics, totally Western in mentality and civilization, are desperately trying to retain their identity. The vast majority of the Estonians and about three-quarters of the Latvians are Lutherans, while Latgallia, the eastern part of Latvia, is Catholic. The Latgallian birth rate alone keeps the country going. Lithuania, entirely Catholic, is quite different: The tough, savage Lithuanians, who conquered vast areas reaching nearly to the Black Sea, resisted Christianization until the fourteenth century, when all the rest of Europe had already built cathedrals, churches, and monasteries. But once they were converted they stuck to their faith *and* their national identity with a fierce loyalty.

Nationality and religion are also closely linked in the western Ukraine. This area, long united with Poland and then with Austria-Hungary, entered into union with the Catholic Church four hundred years ago and accepted the Papacy while retaining the Eastern Church ritual (including an Old Slavonic liturgy, a married priesthood, communion under both species, and a preference for icons over statues.) Millions of Ukrainians belong to this Byzantine Rite of the Catholic Church, but only a few thousand Russians do; thus, in this area, to be a "Uniate" means to be a Ukrainian. Forced by the Soviets to join the Eastern Orthodox Church, the Byzantine Rite Catholics form a real (and quite energetic) "underground church."

And now there is a new and very serious challenge to Sovietism and Russianism: the Islamic nationalities on both sides of the Urals. They have their own Federated Republics and are distinct from the Russians not only religiously, but also ethnically and racially. Almost all of them (except the Tadzhiks) are of Turk-Tartar origin. Although they are Sunni Moslems (and not, like the Iranians, Shiites) they constitute a real problem for Moscow: Islamic fervor is rising among the Sunnis, too. The Kremlin has methodically tried to Russianize these republics through education and, above all, immigration, and it has made visible progress in the past. But this has come to a standstill because the Russian birth rate is very low and the Islamic one very high. Recently we have heard of the troubles in Kazakhstan, the most (artificially) Russianized of these republics—clashes between Kazakhs and Russians that cost many lives. The reasons might be ethnic rather than religious, religious rather than ideological-political, but the results, from the Kremlin's point of view, are bad no matter what.

MOSLEMS SHOW much stronger resistance to unbelief than many Christians. Their faith is compact and simple, practical, and, if you like, "fanatical." Talking to a man in the Park of Culture and Recreation in Moscow, I discovered that he was a Tartar. "And are you a Moslem?" I asked. "Well, of course," he replied. "And do you practice your religion?" "Naturally! I pray five times every day." "And what do you think of all the atheists around here?" "*Nizhe chem sobaki* [lower than dogs]!" On a beach in Sotchi I met a beautiful Tartar girl in a bikini and tried my few Turkish words on her, which she managed to understand. "Are you a Moslem?" I asked. "Yes, indeed." "And you believe what the Koran teaches?" In spite of her attire she seemed surprised at my question and answered in the affirmative. "We Moslems all believe in our religion." The Koran shows no spirit of compromise.

What happened in Alma Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan, not long ago could be a minor prelude to more troubles to come. In the end, the USSR will not be totally Russified or atheistic, nor will the hearts and minds of its many peoples be Communized. Gorbachev is a clever man and he is certainly aware of what his regime faces in the long run. □

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THE WHITE PRINCESS

Alistair Horne

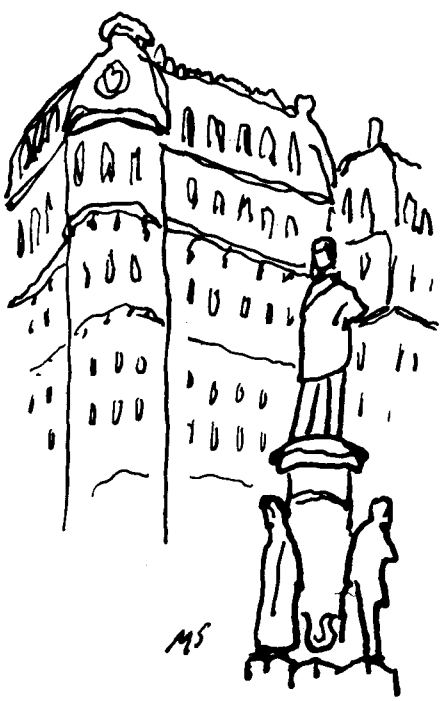
Berlin Diaries: 1940-1945, by Marie Vassiltchikov (Knopf, 352 pp., $19.95)

MARIE, BETTER KNOWN as "Missie," Vassiltchikov was a young Russian aristocrat who came to Nazi Germany at the beginning of 1940, as a refugee from Stalin. Born in St. Petersburg in 1917, the year of the Russian Revolution, she had fled with her family to the Baltic state of Lithuania, where they lived insouciantly until—following the infamous Ribbentrop-Molotov Non-Aggression Pact—the Red Army moved in. Lithuania disappeared into the KGB night as a Soviet colony, and, for White Russians like Missie, Hitler's Berlin was a welcome haven.

For the next four years of war, Missie kept a meticulous diary. Together with letters reconstituted by her younger brother, George, who provides an excellent accompanying commentary, it gives one of the best pictures yet published of what day-to-day life was really like in wartime Germany. At its most superficial level it is something of a specialized picture, recording as it does the death throes of a vanishing breed—all that was best in the German and Austrian nobility. Those in Missie's circle who were not killed on the Russian front, fighting for a regime they hated and despised, were garroted by the Gestapo following the abortive Stauffenberg bomb plot of July 20, 1944.

As a foreigner, Missie was able to view the Third Reich at war with a unique detachment, but what lends her diaries their particular quality is their mix of perceptiveness and the ingenuousness of a 23-year-old, their total honesty, courage—and indiscretion. They are written in English (which Missie had learnt from her British nanny), and one can only be grateful that they never fell into the hands of the Gestapo, both for Missie's sake and for that of her friends in the German resistance.

As a penniless refugee with no choice, Missie found work in the Information Department of the Berlin Foreign Office, at first under a typical Nazi SS thug called Stahlecker, and later under an even more odious figure with the sinister name of Dr. Six. (An associate of Klaus Barbie, Six survived the war and his past, with only token punishment, to become an advisor to both West German and American governments.) But, for a young Russian princess of striking beauty, life in 1940 Germany was by no means all bad. The Wehrmacht had romped through France, barely noticing their casualties; on August 13 Missie recorded, ". . . managed to consume 120 crawfish," while noting almost *en passant* the first British air raid on Berlin. The good life continued into the spring of 1941. "April 11th . . . We walked in the woods and Dicky [Count] Eltz shot a jay. In the afternoon we went riding . . ." "April 12th . . . I went riding again with Gottfried [Prince] Bismarck and later we went deer-stalking. Belgrade was taken today . . ." Rudolf Hess fled to Britain: "everybody finds it rather comical," as all postcards of the lost leader disappeared.



Then things changed. On May 24 already Missie records, with remarkable openness: "People are speaking more and more of troop concentrations on the Russian border. Nearly all the men we know are being transferred from the West to the East. This can only mean one thing." On June 22, "We knew it was coming. And yet we are thunderstruck!" Returning from the Russian front a couple of weeks later, a Hohenzollern prince tells Missie: ". . . It is absolutely beastly. Hardly any prisoners are being taken by either side . . ." One by one Missie's friends began to be reported dead or missing in Russia.

H. W. Crocker III is a freelance writer who divides his time between Hollywood, London, and Washington, D.C.

Thomas Doherty is a professor of history at Boston University.

Alistair Horne, the renowned British historian, is completing the official biography of Harold Macmillan.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of the forthcoming Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle.

James E. Oberg is a space-flight operations specialist with the Shuttle program in Houston. He is the author of eight books and hundreds of magazine articles on Soviet aerospace technology, the psychology of pseudo-science, and related subjects.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More March Titles: *Breaking the Ring: The Spy Family That Imperiled America* (Houghton Mifflin, $17.95), by John Barron, is an excellent account of the Walker spy case, in which John Walker (a retired naval warrant officer), his brother Arthur, his son, Michael, and a former student of Walker's succeeded in supplying American cryptographic logic to the Soviets for 17 years.

The American Connection: U.S. Guns, Money, and Influence in Northern Ireland (Viking, $19.95), by Jack Holland, is an investigation of the IRA's support network in the United States, by which the Irish rebels manage to avail themselves of "protestors, often the passion, and usually the material" necessary to the continuation of their guerrilla warfare in Northern Ireland.

In *The Civilized Engineer* (St. Martin's, $15.95), Samuel Florman, himself a civil engineer, deplores the effects of a too-specialized education and the obsession of highly ambitious people with technology. A widespread acquaintance with the arts and humanities, he believes, is necessary to human survival.

Boone (Houghton Mifflin, $18.95), by T. Boone Pickens Jr., is an interesting memoir by the independent Texas oil producer and financier, who states frankly that "The entrepreneurial spirit is rooted in the desire to make money."

☐ Coming in April: In *Out of Step: A Life in the Twentieth Century* (Harper & Row, $29.95), Sidney Hook recounts his passage from Communist fellow-traveler to anti-Marxist and foe of the Soviet Union, beset every step of the way by figures like Earl Browder, Albert Einstein, Sartre, Brecht, Edmund Wilson, and Erich Fromm.

☐ First May Offering: In *"Them": Stalin's Polish Puppets* (Harper & Row, $18.95) —translated by Agnieszka Kolakowska— Teresa Toranska, a pro-Solidarity journalist, in a series of interviews challenges five former leaders in the Polish Communist Party. Miss Toranska's aggressive questioning makes for exceedingly dramatic reading, and exposes the fatuity of Gomulka's reputation as a decent man forced to do the Stalinists' dirty work. —CW

By the autumn of 1941, the bombing of Berlin had started in earnest. Missie experienced it all, writing of it in the flat, unplaintive tones of the born chronicler: "I bumped against a lorry, loaded with loosely tied sacks. From the nearest one a pair of women's legs protruded. They still had their shoes on but I noticed one heel was missing . . ." When 1,500 Allied bombers roared above, "It was as if one was standing under a railway bridge with an express train thundering overhead."

> Tuesday, 23 November. Last night the greater part of central Berlin was destroyed . . . For the first time I understood what the expression *Bombenteppich* ["bomb carpet"] means—the Allies call it "saturation bombing." At one point there was a shower of broken glass, and all three doors of the basement flew into the room, torn off their hinges. We pressed them back into place and leant against them to try to keep them shut . . .

Six hundred thousand German civilians died in the bombing, ten times the toll in Britain; as in London, all it did was to make the Berliners more determined. "At such times," observes Missie, "the heroic side of human nature takes over and people are being extraordinarily friendly and helpful to each other—*compagnons de malheur*! . . . I want to remain where the action is and that, of course, is Berlin." Never has the senseless counterproductiveness of so-called "strategic bombing" been better aired than in Missie's diaries; for their account of the Berlin blitz alone one eminent British critic has likened them to Pepys's description of the Great Fire of London.

Yet, for Missie, life continued to have its distractions. With dancing prohibited anywhere else in Berlin, she and her group jived away in Latin American embassies; in the middle of the worst raids, Tony (Baron) Saurma managed to buy a hundred oysters ("I never realized how difficult they are to open and cut myself!"); and in the middle of it all there was a Hohenzollern wedding, full of pomp and circumstance, and an amazing irrelevance to the facts of life.

This apparently frivolous tenor of Missie's Berlin life might well raise among Western readers the inevitable query, and a reproach: How could a young girl disport herself like this when Jews were being carried off by the trainload to Belsen and Auschwitz? Among the few references to the fate of the Jews in the diaries is the attempt Missie made to hide the Jewish mother of a countess. Vaguely she seems aware of the plight of the Jews, with a certain unquestioning helplessness, but, like many another "good" German, she was truly unaware of the horrendous scale of the "final solution" until the war ended. And what could a young Russian refugee have done about it? One of the very few survivors among the anti-Hitler conspirators, Axel von dem Bussche, a man of unique courage and nobility, at the same age as Missie launched himself into a series of abortive suicide attempts on Hitler, sparked by atrocities against the Jews that (he once told me) he had personally witnessed in Russia. But even he, to the end of the war, never knew the full scale of what was happening. This whole issue of awareness, however, raises issues too vast for this review.

Meanwhile Missie had become closely involved with the members of the German resistance against Hitler. Already by January 1941, she recorded: ". . . Lunched with Adam Trott, who fascinates me. He is full of constructive ideas and plans, whereas I feel utterly discouraged . . ." With an American grandmother (who was a great-granddaughter of Chief Justice John Jay), and educated at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, Adam von Trott zu Solz represented all that was finest, and most tragic, in the German resistance. In many ways he remains perhaps its most imposing, and central, figure. In 1939 he had personally beseeched Neville Chamberlain and Halifax to stand up to Hitler and bolster the opposition in Germany. He and his colleagues received nothing but distrust—equally, later, from Churchill and Roosevelt, to the perpetual discredit of both Britain and America.

Like many other women, Missie seems—understandably—to have been a little in love with Trott. "Our friendship is somewhat overwhelming," she wrote after dining with him only weeks before the bomb plot that led to his execution in 1944: "He is a man completely out of the ordinary. All his thoughts and efforts focus on things and values of a higher order . . ." (Of Missie, giving a clue to the power of her own personality, Trott wrote to his wife: ". . . She has something of a noble animal of legend about her, that one can never quite understand . . . something free that enables her to soar far above everything and everyone . . .")

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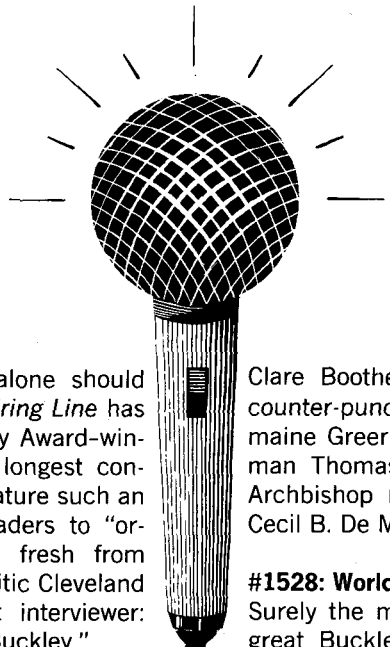
'We interrupt this magazine to bring you a special announcement . . .'



. . . and we'll keep it brief—the facts alone should convince you to act. Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Firing Line* has celebrated its 20th Anniversary. This Emmy Award-winning "talk show" is not only one of the longest continuous TV programs but the *only* one to feature such an amazing variety of guests, from world leaders to "ordinary" Americans like a young Marine fresh from Vietnam (he's now Colonel Oliver North). Critic Cleveland Amory (in *TV Guide*) once voted: "Best interviewer: William Buckley. Best interviewee: William Buckley."

But you probably know all that. The news is that the *best* of *Firing Line* has been deftly packaged in four standard hour-long video-cassettes—and *you* can get them for yourself right now for just $39.95 each—or *all four* at the incredible bargain rate of just $99.95 (*including* postage and handling!). Just fill out and return the handy coupon below—you don't want to miss an opportunity like this one—supply is limited, so act now.

Here are the programs you can choose from:

#1531: Bill Buckley and Firing Line Get Roasted
The complete video of the hilarious 20th Anniversary party; the tables are turned and Host Buckley is "roasted" by some famous guests—including Henry Kissinger, Eugene McCarthy, John Kenneth Galbraith, plus Critic Tom Wolfe, who had the whole Gala crowd rocking with laughter (especially Bill) in a room festooned with hot-air balloons inscribed with choice WFB words (psephology, sesquipedalian, the lot!).

#1530: A Potpourri of Persuaders
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One of the heart-rending factors of the German resistance is that the conspirators, decent men, were in no way equipped to eliminate a maniac with all the satanic machinery of the world's most brutally efficient police state. Their essential amateurishness comes over well in Missie's diaries; discussing the best way "to get rid of Adolf," a famous zoologist remarked that in India "natives use tigers' whiskers chopped very fine and mixed with food. The victim dies a few days later and nobody can detect the cause." "But where," wondered the more practical-minded Missie, "do we find a tiger's whisker?"

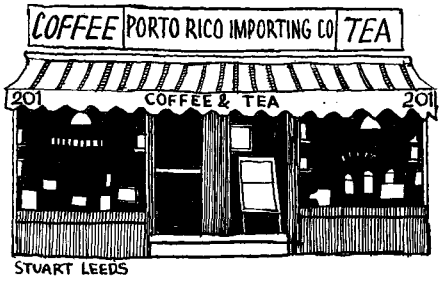
Trott's confidence in this Bright Young Thing from St. Petersburg was not entirely misplaced. In some ways, Missie seems to have been more hard-eyed than the idealist German; while he "kept hoping for Allied support of a 'decent' Germany . . . I kept saying that at this point they were out to destroy Germany, *any* Germany, and would not stop at eliminating the 'good' Germans with the 'bad.' " With Roosevelt shackled to unconditional surrender ("Lunacy!" said Missie), it was all too true.

Missie's conversations with Trott raise one of the most fundamental questions about the anti-Hitler opposition: What kind of Germany did they envision after Hitler? It was quite clear that a return to a Germany of the Versailles Treaty was unacceptable to all of them; that thoroughly honorable anti-militarist, Mayor Goerdeler of Leipzig, for instance, wanted Germany to hang on to the Sudetenland as well as a large chunk of Poland. At a time when many Germans still considered the war not lost, to have persuaded them to accept much less would have been about as feasible politically as for a Labour Party contender in Britain to propose handing the Falklands back to Argentina in 1982, or for a Democratic presidential candidate to give Grenada back to Cuba in 1983. But had the Allies backed Trott and Stauffenberg in a successful coup against Hitler in 1944, the war inevitably would have ended. Missie may well have been right when she wrote, "What happens to Germany once he is dead can be seen to later . . ." Millions of lives would have been saved, untold destruction averted, and—not least—the "good" Germans like Trott spared. And the frontiers of the West would have included Berlin, Vienna, and probably Prague.

After July 20, 1944, more than ten thousand Germans were executed or tortured to death—including Trott and all his associates. For a heartbroken Missie, life among the eerie ruins of the doomed city still went on with some of the vestiges of normality. "August 18. We swam naked in the lake. Our life trickles on in this seemingly leisurely fashion, and all the time one's anguish is like an iron band around one's head that is being squeezed relentlessly tighter." At the beginning of 1945 she was evacuated to Vienna, where, with exceptional courage, she manned a hospital in the last chaotic days as the war engulfed previously unharmed Austria. Her usual matter-of-fact *rapportage* renders her account of tending the badly wounded without medicaments, and of the horrors of the bombing of the hospital, that much more devastating. She escaped aboard the last train from Vienna, minus only her mauve accordion; remarking, almost casually, "the Russians are hanging Nazi Party members from the trees in Floridsdorf," a suburb of Vienna. What they would have done to a White Russian princess requires little imagination.

Having survived all this, Missie had one last war adventure: evading the amorous intent of two GIs of the U.S. Third Army. A major who had never heard of such a thing as a "White Russian" helpfully daubed white paint on each leg, by way of identification. A year later, she married an American, Peter Harnden. She died of leukemia in 1978.

Many hints dropped by Missie in her diaries about the July 20 anti-Hitler conspiracy suggest that she was even better informed than she ever let on, which makes her own story of this capital event a very rare eyewitness account. As a picture of life in wartime Germany by an outsider, I have read only one other that comes close to it—*The Past Is Myself*, the remarkable best-seller published in 1968 by Christabel Bielenberg (she and her husband, Peter, were also intimates of Adam Trott). Both are outstanding testimonies to the "good" Germans of July 20, for whose high principles and forlorn courage homage has long been overdue in both Britain and America. Most of them came from the ranks of the Wehrmacht and were members of the upper-class elite that constituted Missie's circle. It was a tragedy of war that we never supported them against Hitler. □



KAL 007: FACT AND CYNICAL FANTASY

James E. Oberg

"The Target Is Destroyed": What Really Happened to Flight 007 and What America Knew about It, by Seymour M. Hersh (Random House, 282 pp., $17.95)

Shootdown: Flight 007 and the American Connection, by R. W. Johnson (Viking, 335 pp., $18.95)

OVER THREE YEARS have passed since the horrible death of 269 passengers and crew aboard Korean Air Lines flight 007, shot down by a Soviet jet just as it was completing a strange overflight of Soviet territory in the northwest Pacific. Mystery and confusion still enshroud this tragedy, and two recent books (the best and worst on the subject) help explain why: In *"The Target Is Destroyed"*, a veteran investigative journalist, with great effort, pries loose some of the hitherto missing pieces of the puzzle; in *Shootdown*, a scholar betrays his craft for an ideological agenda.

The doomed Boeing 747 had departed Anchorage for its final leg to Seoul, when it almost immediately began to drift to the right of its planned track. Out of range of ground monitoring, the plane continued its drift, eventually winding up almost four hundred miles off course. Along that new route, it passed first over the heavily fortified Kamchatka Peninsula and then almost all the way across Sakhalin Island before Soviet jets destroyed it.

What actually happened is difficult enough to reconstruct, and what American, Soviet, Japanese, and other intel-

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ligence organizations knew about it is an even subtler question. Besides tackling this many-faceted problem, Seymour Hersh grapples with the way people in Washington and Moscow interpreted the fragmentary data in terms of their own world views. Dozens of people in the American intelligence community talked with Hersh in depth, and he in turn assembled these interviews into a stunning reconstruction, a tour de force of detective work.

Although the U.S. has been accused by Moscow and by some Western authors of planning the whole incident from the start, Hersh found no "smoking gun" of American complicity. Instead, he found overwhelming evidence that the flight was indeed off course unintentionally, and that this fact was not realized by any of the various American or Japanese intelligence units at the time. Hersh convincingly demonstrates that such deviations are regrettably far from rare. The bad fortune of the doomed airliner was that its deviation happened to place it in airspace guarded by some very trigger-happy, very confused, and very rushed Soviet military officers.

Hersh, as his book turns from the expository to the interpretative, condemns those in Washington for reacting with knee-jerk cold-war belligerence and needlessly exacerbating international tensions. This is a less convincing section of the book, given much of Hersh's own data.

To this reviewer, it seems debatable whether any hypothetical "calmer" Western reaction could have seduced the Soviets into coming clean, admitting a terrible error, and apologizing. They didn't do so in 1978 (for KAL 902 over northwestern Russia), despite a Western reaction almost over-eager to excuse their killing of two passengers and their attempted murder of all the others; they didn't do so in 1981, after killing all four men aboard a charter cargo airliner that strayed across the Iranian border, despite almost total Western amnesia on the entire event. So the tone of their paranoid reaction to the KAL-007 incident seems determined more by internal Soviet themes than by Western goading.

Since this book is so jam-packed with juicy tidbits of insider accounts, Hersh has no space left to grapple explicitly with the legion of looney-tune spy theories on the case. By ignoring them and assembling a solid reconstruction that utterly demolishes the foundations of such fantasies, Hersh perhaps gives them all the attention they deserve.

The ultimate in "blame America" illogic can be found in Johnson's *Shootdown*, a book so absurd that during one radio interview a questioner even suggested that it was a CIA plant designed to discredit the "spy-flight scenario" (Johnson sincerely denied this). The author describes himself as an Oxford politics don who was "satisfied [he] had mastered what [he] needed to know" about the case. The plane was sent deliberately, he asserts, probably to test Soviet radars: There is no way it could have gone off course by accident; there is no way American agencies could have failed to notice its deviation; there is no way its refusal to cooperate with Soviet interceptors can be seen as anything but an evasion attempt. Such is Johnson's case: Hersh, without mentioning a single spy-flight nut by name, has already debunked each of these fantasies.

The process by which Johnson assembles his case is mind-boggling in itself. On the back cover (and you can judge this book by its cover), Johnson "quotes" a Reagan speech (while rearranging and paraphrasing it extensively), then pompously quotes himself denouncing it, then appeals to "experts" with non-existent credentials or carefully edited corroborative opinions.

Incredible blunders abound. Expert reviewers have estimated the book contains upward of five hundred errors of fact, attribution, and logic. These range from the trivial (e.g., misidentifying the KAL-007 pilot in a photograph) to the substantial (e.g., completely garbling practically every translation from the Russian air-to-ground tapes) to the crucial (e.g., basing a key assertion on the existence of an actually non-existent over-the-horizon radar installation in Alaska). Johnson displays consistent incomprehension of basic principles of radar, of air-traffic control, of air navigation, of cockpit procedures, of statistics, and even of basic research techniques.

A comprehensive analysis could take as many pages as the original book, so a typical example must suffice. Johnson emphasizes crew behavior alleged-

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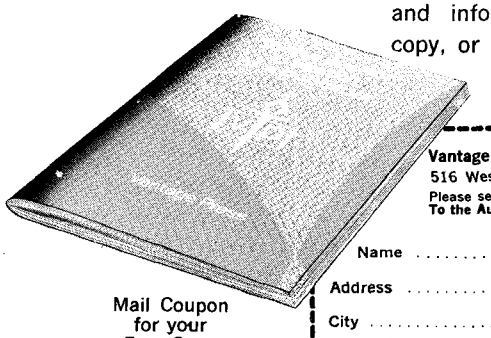

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ly consistent only with a planned overflight of Soviet territory, and one of his leading examples is "1,800 pounds of paying cargo rather oddly left behind at Anchorage." Actually, Johnson created this illusion by misinterpreting an entry for "1,200 pounds" on documentation compiled by the crew prior to leaving Alaska. It was scratched out on one line; Johnson didn't notice it had been re-entered several lines below, in its proper place. The "1,200 pounds" was clearly labeled "D/H," for "deadheads," and was actually the accounting for the six extra KAL pilots and engineers catching a ride home to Seoul. So it was never "paying cargo" and was never left behind, oddly or otherwise.

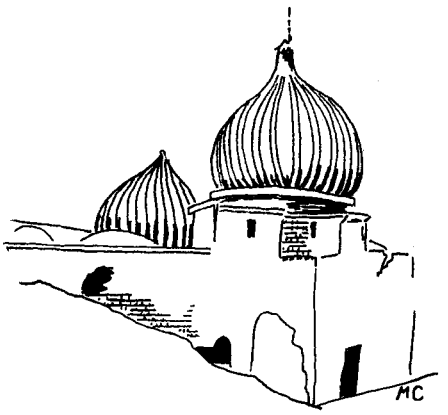
As part of a cynical promotion campaign for *Shootdown*, Viking took out newspaper ads promising full refunds to anyone dissatisfied with the book (it did this, according to a spokesperson, without having made any efforts to check the "facts" as presented in the book). The only justice in this long, tragic affair might be for a few thousand readers, outraged at the attempted intellectual swindle, to mail back their copies and use the refund to buy Hersh's book instead. □

THE BOMB DETECTOR

Thomas Doherty

By the Bomb's Early Light: American Thought and Culture at the Dawn of the Atomic Age, by Paul Boyer (Pantheon, 440 pp., $22.50)

PAUL BOYER shares the political sentiments of the anti-nuke establishment, but his main concern in *By the Bomb's Early Light* is reclamation, not speculation. His focus is America in the first five years of the Atomic Age, a nation presumptively reeling from the psychic aftershocks of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Drawing on a variety of sources from 1945 to 1950, he covers an amorphous territory that he calls "the fundamental ground of culture and consciousness" with the precision and skill of the veteran historical surveyor he is. (Among his previous works are *Purity in Print: Book Censorship in America* and, with Stephen Nessenbaum, *Salem Possessed: The Social Origins of Witchcraft.*) His purpose is



touchingly traditional, his conclusion eminently reasonable:

> This [is] not an exercise in antiquarianism—and certainly not a venture in nostalgia—but an effort to deepen our understanding of the world in which we live. For it was in that era which now seems so distant that the fundamental perceptions which continue to influence our response to the nuclear menace were first articulated, discussed, and absorbed in the living tissue of our culture.

Boyer is a tireless bomb detector, scouring throughout the arts and sciences for likely material. The short-lived world-government movement, the promotion of atomic scientists "from bomb-makers to political sages," wishful predictions of "techno-atomic utopias," moral crises, "psychological fallout," civil defense—all pass in familiar review. "All the major elements of our contemporary engagement with the nuclear reality took shape literally within days of Hiroshima," asserts Boyer, and his study establishes that the present-day nuclear dialogue is a virtual replay of immediate postwar commentary, right down to polemical tactics (from calls to conscience to hysterical fear-mongering) and political agenda (from disarmament to deterrence).

Though Boyer is wary of superlatives and simplifications, his selection of representative documents is sometimes problematic. He makes a good-faith effort to supplement his highbrow material with public-opinion polls, letters to the editor, popular magazines, and radio dramas, but the bulk of his evidence is weighted heavily in favor of elite sources, such as pastoral pronouncements, academic papers, and small-circulation journals. In part, this is due to the nature of the investigation: Articulate, soul-searching pronouncements about the Atomic Age are more likely to be found in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* or *The Christian Century* than on the jukebox or at the Bijou. But Boyer, who repeatedly refers to "the dense cloud of fear that enveloped the nation after August 6, 1945," "the fear that would be the constant companion of Americans for the rest of their lives," might have more zealously tracked this omnipresent fear. After page upon page of *Angst* from the likes of Lewis Mumford and Norman Cousins, it's not only refreshing but richly suggestive to encounter the bomb's lyrical presence in Country & Western music.

More seriously, this elite database can distort the historical picture. For example, Boyer characterizes the immediate public response to V-J Day as one in which, eruptions of "frenzied celebration" notwithstanding, "the underlying mood remained sober and apprehensive." In support of this statement, he cites an observation by an official of the Rockefeller Foundation to the effect that "the nation's mood at the moment of victory was bleaker than in December 1941 when much of the Pacific Fleet had lain in ruins at Pearl Harbor." In Rockefeller Center, maybe, but surely not on a troop ship off the coast of Japan.

The most engaged, if not engaging, sections deal with (and implicitly laud) the early critics of Truman's decision to drop the Bomb: Here the point-counterpoint is replayed as fairmindedly as could be expected. Indeed, just as Benjamin Franklin was driven away from Christianity by unpersuasive sermons against deism, one may be moved in a direction quite contrary to that which is intended. The author's sympathy with the "isolated voices of protest" is transparently clear. Still, he presents no argument as convincing as that offered by former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson in his lucid and carefully reasoned *The Decision to Use the Atomic Bomb*. Since Boyer affirms, in his introduction, both a religious heritage (pacifist) and a "nuclear consciousness" (obsessive) that are far from disinterested, it is a tribute to his evenhandedness that the voice of the opposition comes through so forcefully.

Doubtless Boyer is most controversial (to be polite about it) when tackling the question of a "moral equation" between the Nazi Holocaust and Hiroshima/Nagasaki. He knows he's on

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dangerous ground here, and his language deserves to be quoted in full:

> Perhaps after the passage of four decades, we are ready for a more comprehensive understanding of the moral disintegration wrought by World War II—an understanding that will at least consider in the same context (without necessarily equating) the atomic bomb and the gas chamber.

The distinction between equation and contextualization is a subtle one, especially in this observation's own narrative "context": i.e., amidst cited commentary that does, explicitly, equate the Holocaust with the atomic bombing of Japan. The sentence immediately preceding reads: ". . . The remarkable Japanese artists Iri and Toshi Maruki have moved from powerful murals of the Hiroshima horror to *equally* powerful murals of the Auschwitz horror." (My italics.)

Despite its left-leaning approach to history, however, *By the Bomb's Early Light* is a valuable contribution to the nuclear debate, lending perspective and clarity to a subject more often informed by zealous sloganeering or strategic doubletalk than by the spirit of rational enlightenment. □

LADY ON A SWING

H. W. Crocker III

Nancy Mitford: A Biography, by Selina Hastings (Dutton, 274 pp., $19.95)

I WAS GOING to say that this is "a gem of a biography," but Valerie Grove of the *London Standard* has already said that, so I won't. I also thought of calling it "a superfluous biography," because anyone who has read *The Pursuit of Love* and *Love in a Cold Climate*, Nancy Mitford's two most famous (and highly autobiographical) novels, already knows about her extraordinary family and her unsatisfactory love affairs. But then again, that wouldn't be quite fair. One of the major joys of Selina Hastings's book is that she makes Nancy Mitford's life as entertaining as her novels.

The other great plus for this biography is the portrait it draws of the supporting characters in Nancy Mitford's life. Her bellowing father—Uncle Matthew in the novels—is too well known to need much elucidation, although there are plenty of funny stories about him in this book. But almost as interesting is Nancy's first husband, Peter Rodd, the son of an eminent diplomatist, Lord Rennell. He grew up abroad, mastering most of the languages of Europe and imbibing a cosmopolitan education. At Oxford, he inspired his friends to pen the verse: "Mr. Peter Rodd / Is extraordinarily like God. / He has the same indefinable air / Of savoir-faire."

His life did not become any less colorful after he finished University.

> On leaving Oxford he was dispatched to Brazil where he worked in a bank, which he hated, spending most of his spare time getting drunk—and incidentally adding Russian and Portuguese to his linguistic repertoire. He was eventually arrested for being destitute, and Sir Rennell, as usual with the help of Francis [Peter's brother] (at that time usefully placed in the Foreign Office), was obliged to use his influence to get Peter repatriated as a distressed British subject. Back in England he managed to land a job in the City, was sacked from that, went as a journalist to Germany, was again sacked, and again rescued by Francis, who took him off on a two-year expedition in the Sahara, an undertaking far better suited to Peter's buccaneering spirit than a desk in the City or a newspaper office in Berlin.

When he married Nancy, Peter was working in an American bank. The trouble is that even after he was married, he continued to drink to excess, lose jobs, and travel around the world committing various infidelities and getting into sundry scrapes, including one adventure on the slopes of Etna in Sicily, where "he made the peasants dig channels for the lava as a result of which 3 extra villages were destroyed & he was obliged to flee by night."

Another discovery is the dreamy impenetrability of Nancy Mitford's mother. Mother, who was rather taken by Hitler, once threw a party for 45 visiting Hitler *Jugend*, but found the experience rather disappointing. "Instead of the wonderful-looking boys of 17 & 18 I expected to see, a party of intensely dreary-looking and ugly young men of at least 30. I then realized how very sensible it is of H to put all Germans into uniforms as they have such terrible other clothes."

When Mother was informed that Nancy had suffered a Fallopian pregnancy and had had to have both her ovaries removed, she remarked, "Both! But I thought one had hundreds, like caviar!"

Through it all, Mitfordian stoicism always won out. Nancy, thwarted in love, denied children, and finally afflicted with a rare form of Hodgkin's disease, the pain of which "is known to be one of the two most severe a human being can suffer," never let herself wallow in degrading self-pity.

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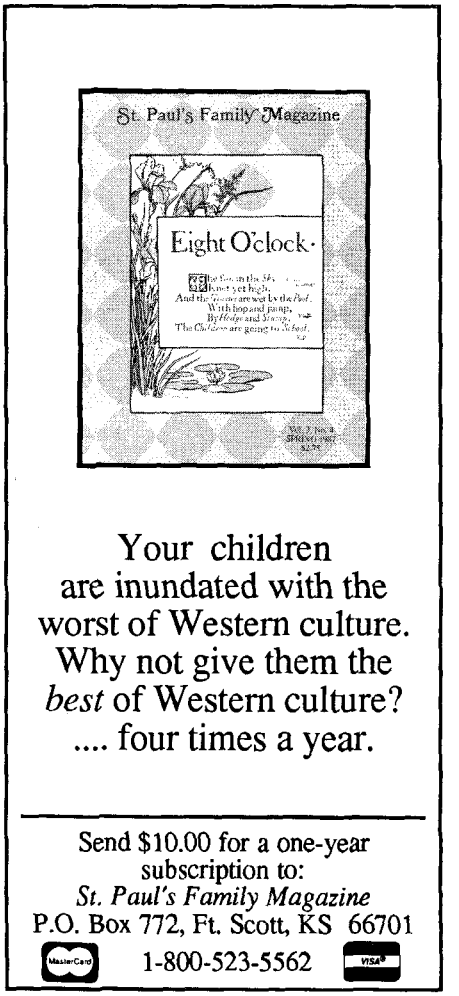
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Despite being a Francophile who feigned a horrible distaste for her own country, she was, of course, one of the most thoroughly English women of her time, not only in documenting the fine points of U and non-U usage and class etiquette, but in facing everything with an appreciation of the necessity of keeping up appearances and not letting down one's friends.

For example, after the collapse of her first intense romance she tried to commit suicide by gas: "It is a lovely sensation just like taking anaesthetic so I shan't be sorry any more for schoolmistresses who are found dead in that way, but just in the middle I thought Romie who I was staying with might have a miscarriage which would be disappointing for her so I got back to bed & was sick."

When it came to politics, Nancy tried to hold a firm middle ground between her sister Unity's infatuation with Hitler, Diana's marriage to Oswald Mosley—leader of the British Union of Fascists—and Jessica's unspeakable Communism. Nancy called herself a socialist, but it was a socialism of a decidedly blue-blooded hue. She believed that Madame de Pompadour and Louis XV "were exactly like ONE. . . . Like me, the Marquise preferred . . . pretty things to ugly ones & rich people to poor people—she liked pink better than brown & ladies on swings better than women baking bread." Nancy's idea of utopia consisted of "cottagers happy in their cottages while I am happy in the Big House," and she believed that the proudest title Britain could ever acquire "is that of 'a nation of governesses.' We are the only adult nation and until the others come of age we must be their governesses, lecture them at all times, put iodine on their knees when they fall down and graze them; when we see them torturing a kitten we must slap them hard and take away the kitten."

Though a leading socialite, Nancy disliked nightclubs and late hours; though a "bright young thing" surrounded by cynics and homosexuals, she enjoyed domesticity and wanted most of all to be happily married; and though she put these words in Lady Montdore's mouth in *Love in a Cold Climate* meaning them to be funny—"I think I may say we put India on the map. Hardly any of one's friends in England had ever even heard of India before we went there you know" (which is misquoted by Selina Hastings, incidentally)—she actually believed in them.

Such tensions and contradictions are the sorts of things that should vouchsafe the reader a greater appreciation of individuals and individuality. But if that sounds too didactic, let me assure the reader that Selina Hastings's book is highly entertaining, gracefully written, and, well, "a gem of a biography." □

MANIC POWER

Jeffrey Meyers

The Middle Generation: The Lives and Poetry of Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, and Robert Lowell, by Bruce Bawer (Archon, 216 pp., $25)

BAWER'S UNEVEN first book, a literary study based on a dissertation and apparently completed in 1983, is less lively and sophisticated than his recent reviews in *The New Criterion*. He has noted the biographical similarities in a group of talented American poets who began to publish during World War II and "were erratic, driven to pathological excesses in behavior by an assortment of secret agonies. Profound pain filled much of their lives and informed much of their work."

All four poets were estranged from their unmanly or absent fathers, and three of them had monster mothers who emotionally devoured their sons. When Schwartz told his mother that he was engaged, "she threatened suicide. At the wedding she collapsed and had to be carried up the synagogue steps." Their serious problems with their parents led to tempestuous marriages, characterized by infidelity, alcoholism, violence, and mental breakdown. The poets shared the same torments and wrote about each other's agonies as if writing about their own. They felt they had to suffer in order to write and that only by suffering could they create poetry.

Bawer, much better on poetry than biography, makes forced comparisons to bind his group together. It is misleading to say that Berryman shared "to some degree" Whitman's sexual inclinations, for the former may possibly have been a repressed homosexual and the latter was an overt invert. And there is a great difference in emotional impact between the heart attack of Schwartz's father in a distant city and the suicide of Berryman's father outside his son's window. Jarrell, who had a stable existence and did not become mentally ill until the last year of his life, does not fit the pattern of Berryman's aberrant behavior.

Bawer assumes the friendship of Schwartz and Jarrell, but never even mentions when they met. He describes the similarities but not the close interrelations of the four poets. They encouraged and criticized each other in interviews, letters, and reviews; even rewrote, adapted, and imitated each other's lines. They competed for jobs, grants, advances, loans, patrons, and awards, for readers, recognition, and praise, for success and security.

Bawer gives insufficient emphasis to the mental illness that bound the poets together and seemed to stimulate their creative genius. For the constant anxiety, terror, and sense of doom intensified isolation and introspection, heightened the intellectual defiance of the outcast poet who questions and challenges conventional ideas about morality, and encouraged him to control the potentially dangerous element in his character through the order and form of art.

When discussing the poetry, Bawer neither sees the characteristic ineptitude and bathos in Schwartz's "the supple recognition of the fullness and the / fatness and the roundness of ripeness," nor substantiates his claim that Schwartz's "later poems speak as powerfully to our senses as his early poems speak to our minds." He does not perceive that Jarrell's self-pity often seeps into his flat, prosaic poems; that both he and Schwartz are much better as critics than poets.

Bawer is too dependent on other critics ("Arpin observes . . . Likewise, Atlas remarks"); indulges in simplistic Freudianism ("to a child, the strangling of a chicken can create the same emotional reverberations as the suicide of a father"); misses important allusions to Dante ("lake of fire"), Marx ("man is born in chains"), and Rilke

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("change me, change me"); quotes but does not interpret Lowell's "Epilogue"; and offers inadequate readings of major poems: Jarrell's "Deutsch Durch Freud" and Lowell's "Skunk Hour."

Bawer makes some shrewd observations on Jarrell's poems about a war he never saw and on Lowell's Mad Negro Soldier—more a Platonic idea than an actual man. The great strength of the book is Bawer's analysis of Eliot's pervasive influence on the early work of these four poets. In a fascinating passage, Bawer demonstrates how each of them wrote a poem that directly imitates a conceit in a work that Eliot particularly praised, John Donne's "A Valediction: Of Weeping." Bawer convincingly shows that while the young poets borrowed Auden's diction and Yeats's form, they took nothing "which did not belong in a poem written according to Eliot's tenets." Bawer also describes their successful efforts, in the later poems, to break away from Eliot's restrictive decree that "poetry is not the expression of personality but an escape from personality." Yearning for personal expression yet stifling it at every turn, they finally managed to free themselves from his repressive influence. In *Dream Songs* and *Life Studies*, Berryman and Lowell finally and forcefully allowed themselves to express their *own* feelings and beliefs. □

FILM

MAYBE WE DID NEED TELEVISION

John Simon

WOODY ALLEN is a filmmaker with the damnedest knack for hopping up the heartbeat of audiences and extracting superlatives from reviewers. Here comes his *Radio Days*, without a story, without characters, without so much as a sharp point of view, yet laden with raves and only mild dissent. In the *New York Times*, Vincent Canby, who has already helped ruin Allen by proclaiming him the American Ingmar Bergman, invokes Proust à propos of *Radio Days*; in *The Village Voice*, though less enthusiastic and hedging his comparison, David Edelstein invokes Chekhov. What's left for Woody to look forward to? Shakespeare, I guess.

The film has some negative virtues: It is much less pretentious than *Hannah and Her Sisters*, much less pseudo-Pirandellian than *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. It is really a congeries of blackout sketches barely bothering to make like a connected narrative, scoring now and then and falling flat the rest of the time. The voice-over narration is delivered by Woody himself, which helps establish the link to his forsaken specialty, stand-up comedy. For inside all the artificially fattened personae Allen has assumed or had thrust upon him, there is always a thin little comic, not exactly dying to get out, but often dying for refusing to.

In a sense, *Radio Days* is yet another vehicle for Allen's warring urges, a battlefield on which self-aggrandizement and self-hatred fight it out as symbolic goofballs pelt one another with figurative spitballs. There are two archetypal opposing teams in Allen movies: the WASPs and the Jews. The WASPs tend to be male and enviable or female and desirable, the latter either haughtily rejecting the autobiographical hero's wimpy lust or miraculously yielding to it. The Jews are mostly sadomasochistic comedians, either wittily puncturing pranksters or their clownish patsies. Sometimes there are departures from the norm—Woody colors the WASPs British, the Jews Italian—but scratch a variation ever so slightly, and there, dogged and dogeared, stands an archetype.

The self-aggrandizement works by way of infiltrating, conquering, caricaturing, and, whenever possible, bedding the posh WASPs; the self-hate consists of going slumming in one's Jewish past and mocking it with a mixture of affection and horror. In *Radio Days*, the swells are habitués of a Stork Club-like night spot, or mere names dropped by Roger and Irene, the married sophisticates hosting one of those penthouse Breakfast With . . . shows, who themselves hang out at that tony nitery to gather material for their matutinal musings. The lowly Jews, on the other hand, live in the grungy Rockaways, their ears cocked to the radio. For it is the radio that brings them the breakfast and quiz and marital-advice shows, the Masked Avenger and Biff Baxter (the latter the nemesis of Nips and Nazis, the time being just before and during World War II), the pop songs and the dance music, the news of the world and domestic drama—their daily ration of excitement and romance, diversion and culture. And somewhere between Society and Jewry, there is a tertium quid—say, the odd Mafioso and his mamma—but rather less important even than the voices and music on the air.

Other than take-offs on radio shows, then, we get glimpses of these two disparate worlds connected only by a wavelength. The central character in the WASP world is Sally White, the pretty, ambitious cigarette girl at that Stork-like club, played by Mia Farrow, Woody's real-life WASP consort; the point-of-view character in the Rockaway world is a small carrot-

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topped boy—the cineast when young. Sally is doing her level (and often supine) best to become an actress or singer; the boy is straining, chiefly through radio-nurtured fantasies, to make it to the world of the Masked Avenger, or at the very least to the magic of Manhattan, whither tend the dreams of most of his chums and of the extended family with whom he lives. (It is amazing—or perhaps not—how similar *Radio Days* is to the current film version of Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, except that the latter is worse.) Hovering, as it were, over all of them is the voice of the adult Allen, which, with divine impartiality, kids and forgives them all.

There is sloppiness, or at least confusion, here: Radio, which is viewed with such sweet-sad nostalgia, is shown as manipulating and victimizing its faithful, whose thralldom seems close to folly. And far too many of the film's disjointed episodes drag in radio out of left field. Thus unmarried Aunt Bea, whose untiring efforts to snag a husband constitute one of the chief running gags, keeps losing her best prospects for reasons that are meant to hinge on radio, but often have only tenuous connections to it, or none. Similarly, during a broadcast from the club, a Cugatish bandleader conducts while his Latin vocalist, awaiting her cue, fondles her chihuahua. When her turn comes, she hands the pet to the bandleader, who conducts with the dog under his arm. Such a

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THROUGHOUT MOST of human history, governments have been able to extract between 25 and 50 per cent of the total economic production of their societies; so the scattered historical evidence suggests. This is partly because pre-modern economies were agricultural ones, in which whoever controlled or owned agricultural lands was by definition an economic czar; partly because it had not occurred to anyone to challenge these drastic economic exactions. About five hundred years ago, however, in parts of northern Europe, people began to question this state of affairs. Concepts of property and personal rights developed, as did the idea that government exists for the benefit of its citizens, instead of the reverse. The Industrial Revolution greatly accelerated the restraint of government, by creating large, dynamic population centers as counterweights to feudal power. In most industrialized countries, restraint of government was effectively achieved by the late nineteenth century.

This was certainly progress, but was it lasting progress? The history of the past one hundred years demonstrates conclusively that it was not. In fact, Edwin S. Mills suggests, in *The Burden of Government* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford University, Stanford, Calif. 94305-2323; $23.95), that this "century or two of government restraint was a mere historical aberration that existed while governments learned to control and to extract large surpluses from industrialized and monetized economies." They have been greatly abetted, Mills argues, by the growth of democracy, with its vast expansion of the suffrage and its extension of education to the masses, as well as by technological advances in the production of commodities and services, and the dissemination and storage of information. In short: The cause of the enormous expansion of democratic governments over the past century is the increasing number of people with the money, the interest, the sophistication, and the power to make use of them for their own ends. Whereas, in the late 1800s, only a tiny minority of wealthy and powerful men could successfully lobby the U.S. Government, now everybody—cripples, blacks, Jews, and women, to echo the unfortunate James Watt—can do so. And has. And does.

The result is a political, bureaucratic, and fiscal leviathan incapable of exercising its appointed functions, assuming even that said functions were actually its primary concerns. In reality, government power and policy-making are ends in themselves. Of course, Mills concedes, "It is widely believed that those who oppose big government are sympathetic to large businesses and lack compassion for the poor." However, "No such logical connection exists. Democratic governments promote the interests of large, well-organized, and well-financed groups. Large businesses qualify on all scores. . . . But now they have been joined by many other interest groups." Mills's ultimate concerns here are: What should governments do? What do they do? And: Why do they do what they do? To which the answers seem to be: Not a whole heckuva lot. A helluva lot too much. And, Say, when were *you* born—yesterday?

After considering such matters as prevailing macro-economic theory, social efficiency and equity, federal and state regulatory policy and practice, and the deleterious effects of large paternalistic governments in undeveloped countries, Mills concludes that "at least half of domestic government spending in the United States must be understood in political terms and has nothing to do with economic efficiency or equity." His recommendation, therefore, is that government domestic spending in this country be cut by at least 50 per cent. According to his estimates, reform of government transfer programs could reduce the cost of these by about 50 per cent, while at the same time increasing both efficiency *and* equity. Reductions of the same order could be made in transportation, agriculture, health, housing, energy, and education programs. Almost all housing programs, Mills says, should be abolished, as should the Departments of Energy and Education. He calls for the reprivatization of health care, and a drastic reduction in state- and local-government spending, entailing, among other things, the privatization of public institutions of higher education; at the elementary and secondary educational levels, he argues for the voucher system.

Big government as we suffer it today has been a century in the making. Consequently, it would be naïve to expect its immediate dismantlement. Nevertheless, eventual reduction is a desirable goal, perhaps even a crucial one. Among the results would be: "greater competition, greater freedom of choice, reduced distortions from excessive regulation and excessive taxes, better matching of production to consumer tastes and needs, lower-cost production, and improved incentives to innovate." □

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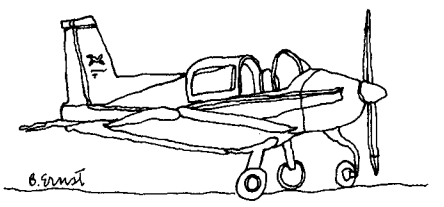
gag has nothing to do with radio, any more than does the scene where the boy and his pals watch a naked woman in the apartment across the street, a woman who later turns up as their substitute teacher. Key incidents, such as the unlikely one in which sheer accident reveals to the boy that his father is a cabbie, or the one where Sally is to be rubbed out by the Mafia, have, again, no bearing on radio.

Even more disturbing is the fact that the boy is less interesting than some of the minor characters—much more Jewish Tom Sawyer than Jewish Huck Finn. And Sally's rise *ad astra*, or at least to chief gossip columnist to the stars, is too full of lacunae and foreshortenings to engage our involvement. And although Dick Hyman has found just the right songs for every situation, other things are less authentic. No radio-era husband would call his wife, however fondly, a douche bag; no black soldier on leave from the war would be kissing a white date goodnight in front of her house, thus giving a prying neighbor a heart attack. There is similar off-centeredness about the casting. It may be funny for the Masked Avenger to be a nerd in real life, but he can't, like Wallace Shawn, also have a runt's voice.

Again, casting the asexual-seeming David Warrilow as the woman-chasing Roger not only repeats the same gag, but also takes the kick out of Sally's remark after their clandestine rooftop dalliance, "That was quick." That rooftop above the nightclub is also where a socially risen Sally leads the swells to watch the New Year come to Times Square, and suddenly and inadvertently they spout lines from *The Three Sisters* about whether future generations will remember them; since the joke doesn't work, Chekhov seems equally miscast here. But the worst miscasting comes a bit earlier, during the New Year's Eve celebration broadcast from the fancy nightclub. A supposedly lovely and elegant band singer comes on for a rendition of "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," meant to evoke all of Woody's yearning for those beloved "voices that seem to grow dimmer and dimmer." The singer is Diane Keaton, and in roughly two minutes (her entire part) she runs through her complete repertoire of facial and vocal mannerisms in revoltingly concentrated form. It looks as if her mind were growing



dimmer by the second, and you expect to witness a total crack-up right on that bandstand.

The verbal humor is intermittently effective, as when his mother makes the boy turn off the radio and, upon his remonstration that she and his father are pretty addicted too, replies, "It's different. Our lives are ruined already; you still have a chance." Or this advice to romantics: "You have to lower your standards a little. In the Old World, a man married a woman because he needed an extra mule." But the visual humor can get excessively corny, as when the avidly embracing cigarette girl and her lover are separated for the longest time by her strapped-on tray. What does help the visual aspects of the film enormously is the cinematography of Carlo Di Palma, who can make a seedy Rockaway winter seascape look as lovely as a Boudin, or coax warmth out of the desolate browns of a cheerless interior —all without noticeable trickery.

But even in this small, farcical film, Woody must reach for some big, serious effects, as when, in an elaborate montage, the entire country seems to be anxiously following over the radio the rescue operations to get a little girl out of the well she has fallen into. Though the scene is doubtless meant to show the unifying power of radio, the sudden change of tone, the weight of the farcical context, the redundant banalities of the supposedly shaken radio announcer make the episode embarrassing and suspect.

Dianne Wiest as Bea and Mia Farrow as Sally do very well by parts they may have played too often; as the mother, Julie Kavner gets a chance to be surprising as well as good. Others may fail because their roles are too inconsequential or too fragmented—and what an endless parade of them keeps zooming past us! Like much of the cast, the film is swallowed up by the blur of its focus: Is it about radio? A period of American, or New York, history? Or Woody's nostalgia about his youth? Probably about none of these so much as about sex jokes, school jokes, Jewish jokes, and show-biz jokes. A few of them funny. □

THE GIMLET EYE

A NURSE

D. Keith Mano

Carla is a bright and murderously candid 29-year-old nurse, who has done time in several New York hospitals. This frank review of her profession caught me off guard. I was, when I met Carla, horrified almost hourly by the various humiliations my mother had to endure through a long hospital stay.

NR: What is it that attracts people to nursing?

C: A lot of us nurses like power. The bottom line is you're lying in that bed, your independence is out the window. You have to rely on the orderly to change your sheets, the housekeeping people to clean your room. You're relying on the woman downstairs that's hooking up your phone. I give out your medication. I come in there: I can be nice or I can be a bitch. I

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don't know if it's always so conscious—but if you're going to be a pain in the ass and you ride me, I'm going to get you back in a number of ways. You tell the patient's family, "Sorry, but you have to leave." If you like them, and I don't care what anybody says, you'll let them stay longer.

NR: Otherwise, is everyone treated fairly?

C: The little card, the nameplate, says a tremendous amount about how you're going to be treated. It has your ID number, your medical-record number, it has your name, it has where your room is. It's also supposed to have your doctor's name. If you're under Medicaid, Medicare, or any kind of clinic service, you do not have a particular doctor. You have blank service: GYN service, Neuro service, whatever. If you've come from a clinic, you're looked down on. You're not treated with as much finesse, with as much care, with as much gentleness, with as much intelligence, with as much dignity and integrity.

NR: How come you went into this line of work?

C: Nursing is extremely diversified. My feeling was that once I got my degree I'd never be on the bread line, I could go anywhere and I could always work. But that's something you also have to keep in mind. Nurses, on the whole, don't stay in one place very long. Nurses are not treated well—they get unhappy and they leave—for a variety of reasons: families, children, despondency, lack of enjoyment, burnout. There's a high incidence of alcoholism among nurses. Even though one in forty voters in this country is a nurse, hospitals are short-staffed no matter where you go.

NR: What are you paid?

C: On the night shift I'm making $23,000. If I worked days I'd be making $21,000. We stay, we smile. We don't have much bargaining power.

NR: How have your original perceptions changed?

C: In nursing school you're taught in a very idealistic manner. This is the way to do it, steps 1 through 35. You get into the real world and, baby, that's out the window. Because we're so short-staffed we have to learn how to cut corners in a way that's safe, reliable, in a way that we won't get caught. You ever see a nurse walk around with a needle in her mouth because she has so many things in her hands? Do you know how wrong that is? That's unsanitary. But a lot of us do it.

NR: And what about the incompetence you see?

C: It eats my *kishkes* out. One of the things that really irks me is someone that takes blood badly. If I see an intern or a resident keep popping to get it, I take the intern's hand and squeeze it and say, "You're not doing it any more. Stop." I give them three jabs, after the third one you're out. I mean, you can call your chief resident, you can call the attending doctor, I don't care. A nurse is the patient's advocate.

NR: But isn't there a general agreement to keep silent, at least publicly, about medical incompetence?

C: We're all human. I think in every profession there's that CYA [cover your ass] attitude up to a point. Until, for whatever reason, you can't do it any more or there are people who have made the first mistake—a first big mistake.

NR: Have you made your big mistake?

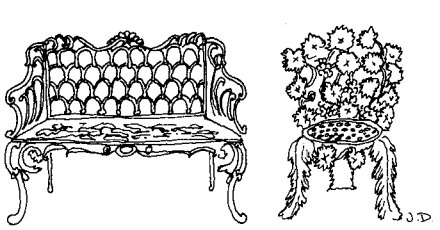
C: Yes, I have. It was devastating for me. I was panic-stricken, I was frightened. I was ready to turn in my license. No one was hurt, thank God—but they could have been. It taught me a lesson. I'll never take anything for granted. When it comes to medicine and treatments—you're supposed to look at it three different times before you give it to anybody. But because we're frazzled . . .

NR: It's my impression that hospitals, through poor care, force the patient to hire a private nurse.

C: They do. Indirectly. They figure out the actual amount of nursing-hour care per patient, depending on what's wrong with them. So, if they say that this particular patient needs a total of seven or eight hours' nursing care a day—and there are X amount of patients on the floor—then they think three nurses can do it. But you have to make sure that absolutely nothing goes wrong then. You have to make sure you don't have an admission from ER. You have to make sure that one of the patients doesn't spike a fever all of a sudden or pull out a tube. And that's *assuming* you're going to get those three nurses. But that doesn't happen. Three days out of seven you'll only have two nurses. All of a sudden you talk about prioritizing. We only have time to hand out medication and make sure everyone is alive.

NR: Do you think you'll be a nurse for the rest of your life?

C: It isn't likely, is it? □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

Dancing on My Grave: An Autobiography, by Gelsey Kirkland, with Greg Lawrence (Doubleday, 286 pp., $17.95)

GELSEY KIRKLAND was perhaps the greatest dramatic classical ballerina America has produced until she nearly killed herself with cocaine in the early 1980s. This chronicle of her meteoric rise with the New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theatre, her ghastly fall, and her professed recovery at age 33 is the raw material of self-psychoanalysis, largely devoid of true insight. Though Miss Kirkland's detailed descriptions of her life and career suggest she sabotaged them for deep-seated personal reasons, such as her unresolved ambivalence toward her perfectionist alcoholic father, she instead pins her tragic demise on nearly every major figure in American ballet. Surely many of Miss Kirkland's damning anecdotes about such luminaries as George Balanchine, Fernando Bujones, Peter Martins, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Patrick Bissell, the last four of whom were her lovers, are more than a little unfair. Ironically, then, Miss Kirkland's editor, the determinedly private Jacqueline Onassis, has presided over an embarrassingly intimate piece of self-indulgent mud-slinging. On the other hand, Miss Kirkland is probably correct to point out that Balanchine's acclaimed neoclassical style is injurious to dancers, that Baryshnikov was a sadistic womanizer, and that American ballet, in general, overemphasizes technique to the near-exclusion of choreographic interpretation. These perceptions give *Dancing on My Grave* some higher value; but balletomanes will also be fascinated by its rare, vile views from backstage. JACQUELINE COLEMAN

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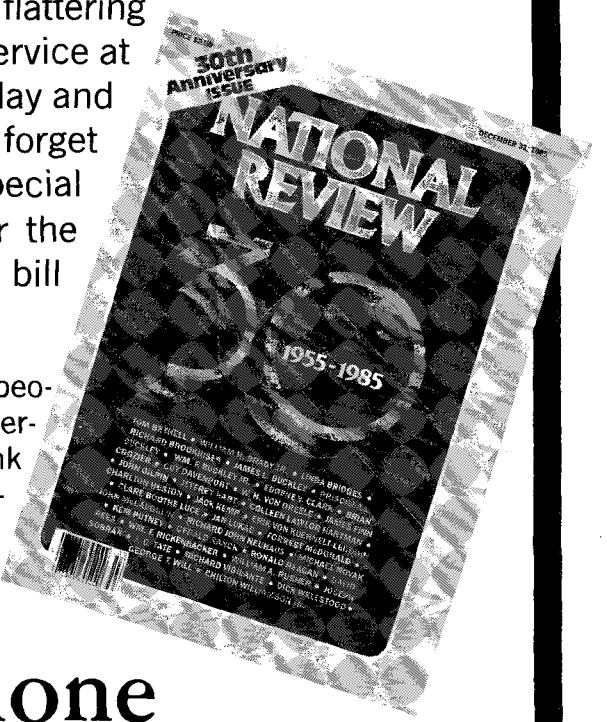

NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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WHO'S CONSERVATIVE NOW?

NEW YORK, FEB. 27

If you collect anomalous uses of the word "conservative," I give you for your collection the following, which is from a *New York Times* report on the ongoing quarrel about the Strategic Defense Initiative and the ABM Treaty, filed by David Sanger. To wit, "In a report published in December advocating an early deployment, a five-member panel from the George C. Marshall Institute, a conservative research organization, said that such space-based weapons were 'not a quantum leap beyond existing defense technologies, but an evolutionary development out of relatively mature technologies of air defense.' "

Now, as conventionally used, a "conservative" estimate of the capabilities of SDI technology would suggest a kind of prudent pessimism. But here we have a body of scientists who, carefully surveying the question, report that the essential goal of SDI—which is to develop the means of knocking out enough offensive missiles to make it impossible for the Soviet Union ever to count on the success of a first strike—is realizable, not by voodoo science, but by the orderly progression of scientific knowledge.

The author of that report commits the old Freudian slip. Caught up in the controversy, he wishes preliminarily to discredit the findings of a panel commissioned by this institute by designating (this was his obvious intention) the Marshall Institute as ideologically motivated.

Why is this happening, this utterly incomprehensible consolidation of forces, the conservatives in favor of SDI, the liberals opposed? In an orderly world, one would think it would be the other way around. Liberals are notoriously opposed to the idea of killing a lot of people. This is not to say that conservatives are in favor of killing a lot of people, rather that conservatives recognize that in order to accomplish the high goals of sovereignty and freedom it is necessary to go to such lengths as to threaten to kill a lot of people. Suddenly there is, let us modestly call it "a *prospect*" of accomplishing those goals without threatening to kill a lot of people.

From this, it should be the conservatives who are saying: "The hell with it. We've stopped the Soviet Union for forty years by mutual assured destruction, why should we suddenly become squeamish about it now? And what about all that money! We are in a very tight bind right now for money, and we are talking about something that might cost as much as two or three hundred billion dollars."

And from the liberals we would hear talk that synchronized nicely with all their rhetoric over the years . . . "Where the good of humankind is concerned, we dare to dream! And what is money, up against the prospects of millions upon millions of lives saved, perhaps even the survival of the planet?"

But it isn't going that way at all. No matter what experiments we undertake, no matter how melodramatic the success—for instance of the Delta 180 experiment last September, in which a rocket with heat-sensing devices homed in on and destroyed another Delta—we find conservatives exhilarated by the scientific achievement, liberals disheartened by it.

The gravamen of the case against SDI has, you will have noticed, shifted. First, it simply could not be done. Next, it would be too expensive. Now, it would take too long to deploy. The quick, and necessarily truncated, answers to these objections are: 1) Only a single program, the High Endoatmospheric Defense Interceptor (HEDI), is hypothetical. The other three—a) weapons designed to attack the attackers' missiles in the boost phase, b) the Exoatmospheric Re-entry Vehicle Interceptor Subsystem (ERIS), designed to attack the missiles in midcourse, and c) basically a smart bullet designed for state-of-the-art point defenses —are sufficiently refined to contemplate deployment, in bits and pieces, in three to seven years. 2) A capital investment in putting to rest for a generation any risk of a surprise Soviet first strike would bring incalculable benefits, economic and political, up against which a contemplated expenditure of less than a single year's defense budget becomes exiguous. And, 3) Suppose it were so, that an effective Space Shield could not be put in place for one, two, four years? Is that a reason for further delay? Isn't it, rather, reason for accelerating our development of the Shield, given what we know about the burgeoning offensive capability of the USSR, combined with its efforts at its own Space Shield?

Somebody did a sex change on the liberals on this one, and, hard though it is to say so, they were better back in their visionary days. □

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THE HITLER IN OURSELVES

NEW YORK, FEB. 23

Further on the subject of the fuss kicked up by ABC's *Amerika*: The planted axiom of most of the critics goes beyond merely that Soviet occupation of the United States is inconceivable. Whether it is, is an arguable question. But the derivative question, of course, is whether something like life as lived under Soviet-style totalitarianism is conceivable for America. So preposterous does this seem, the critics disdain even talking about the possibility, even as they would disdain to talk about an animal kingdom, or the Land of Oz. We exhibit here the highest form of ethnocentric hubris . . . Without saying so, we are saying that such a thing could happen just about anywhere else, but not, of course, here.

It pays to remind ourselves that the totalitarian lash is inflicted primarily by natives.

We hear much of the terror inflicted in Afghanistan in the Soviet war fully to subdue the proud Afghan people. But the proud Afghan people constitute the resistance, and that is a small minority. In Afghanistan there are the proud and noble resisters, then there are those who are either apathetic or afraid; and then there are the collaborators. There are 15 million

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people in Afghanistan, and we hear most often about the 110,000 Russian soldiers. Granted that, unlike the Afghan peasant, the Russian arrives on the scene with machine gun in hand and hand grenades at the ready. But the overwhelming majority of the crimes being carried out on the Afghans are crimes by other Afghans. The collaborators.

Why should we be surprised? The Nazis who occupied France during the Second World War relied primarily on French collaborators to implement the Nazi will. The collaborators vastly outnumbered the resistance, for the very simple reason that the few are courageous, the many—less than that. After all, that's why we give medals to the few.

Does the typical Czech fear a Russian policeman? No. He fears a Czech policeman. So is it in Bulgaria and Rumania. General Jaruzelski is not a Soviet official. Needless to say, Hitler relied on Germans, Mussolini on Italians, Mengistu on Ethiopians, Pol Pot on those Cambodians he forgot to kill.

Ah, but America? Again, inconceivable!

Ponder this paragraph from Armando Valladares's book, *Against All Hope*. Valladares is the Cuban poet-patriot who spent 22 years in Castro's torture chambers for declining to proclaim himself a Communist.

"Captain Herman F. Marks, an American whom Fidel Castro had appointed head of the garrison of La Cabaña and official executioner, was the man who fired those *coups de grâce* [pistol shots to assure that the condemned is truly dead] and carried out the inspections. When he was drunk, which he was very frequently, Marks would order the garrison to form up in full military gear and attack the prisoners. He called the prison his 'private hunting reserve.' Another of his amusements was to stroll through the [prison halls] and call out to those who were to be tried for offenses which carried the death penalty; he would ask them behind which ear they wanted the *coup de grâce*. He had a dog he took with him to the executions so the dog could lap up the dead men's blood. Years later he returned to the United States."

That man, Herman F. M-a-r-k-s, is somebody's quiet neighbor, maybe in Fredonia, New York, maybe in Coral Gables, Florida. Is he unique?

No. No, he is not unique, that is the point. If we want evidence that Americans are capable of violent crimes, such evidence is hardly difficult to come by. Evidence that Americans would harm children? We do so all the time. Torture, kidnap, kill: There is nothing practiced systematically by the totalitarian society that we do not engage in on a free-enterprise basis.

It is by no means inconsistent to have a high opinion of one's countrymen and yet to know that the devil in every man's nature is always there, alive and responsive to pressures. That such pressures might under certain circumstances materialize was made brilliantly clear in the novel of Walker Percy, *Love in the Ruins*. That did, for the American temperament, what Orwell's *1984* did for the British; adaptations, in each case, of the cultural profile of an individual country to the demands of totalitarianism.

The point, then, is to remind ourselves that even if the Soviets did not play directly their wretched hand in running the affairs of a defenseless America, the Soviets could find native talent, as they did in Cuba, to take on the job. Another reason for reflecting on the lessons of *Amerika*. □

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

GENEVA, FEB. 18

THERE ARE rumors that Mrs. Thatcher will call an early election, indeed some British pols are talking May, even though she isn't required to run again until July 1988. There is in process at the moment a kind of prelim, centered on the contest for chancellor of Oxford, a post now vacant because of the death of Harold Macmillan, who was elected to that august ceremonial office in 1960.

Absolutely confirming the proposition that academics are the most feline breed in the animal kingdom, the *Sunday Telegraph* published on February 8 a wonderful account by Graham Turner of the struggle, public and private, for the chancellorship.

The basic event overhanging the election is the great snub handed down a year ago by Oxford when the routine honorary degree given to prime ministers was denied to Mrs. Thatcher. Now her candidate is Lord Blake, a resident academic of fine, if local, reputation, a gentleman "ennobled" by Edward Heath, who is himself a candidate. Will Blake win? "I don't think he will," one of his backers dejectedly reports. "Two to one of the worthless resident members [of the forty thousand permitted to vote, two thousand are resident in Oxford, the balance, graduate MAs], those with sandal toes dredged up from the scientific departments, will vote against the Thatcher candidate." For whom, then?

Roy Jenkins, the scholarly politician, is the favorite. "The only objection to Roy," one don is quoted anonymously, "is that he is something of a lightweight. He's held all those great offices of state, but somehow they've not equipped him with that extra bit of gravitas." However, reports Turner, "much of senior Oxford is already reconciled to Jenkins, as the non-controversial, non-polarizing, non-worry candidate. 'Wimp though he is,' said a Christ Church don, 'he wouldn't be too bad.' "

But Jenkins is by no means a shoo-in. Former Prime Minister Edward Heath is a vigorous contender. He has his backers, and they are influential. On the other hand, "The mere mention of Heath is greeted by an almost universal volley of distaste."

Why should that be? "Because he's such a blinding bore. When you're put next to him at dinner, he just sits there staring at the food unless the talk is about music [Ted Heath is an ardent amateur musician, an organist]." Another Tory, this one a college master, was more direct, commenting that Heath "lacks the diplomatic qualities necessary in a chancellor." "He's so rude, horrible to his friends as well as his enemies," added the master's wife. One don further observed, "No prime minister has behaved so badly since Asquith."

There seems to be something just a little wrong about every candidate, or potential candidate. What about Lord Hailsham? Well, he's a little . . . aged. "There is nothing wrong with him above the eyebrows," on the other hand. And one of his admirers reminds us that Hailsham has "been in perpetual training for ceremonial [duties]." As lord chancellor, "he wanders round the House of Lords dressed like a retired pirate." Lord (Harold) Wilson? Lord Scarman has said of him that he is "a death's head, and looks like one too."

LESS PROMINENT candidates include the distinguished historian Lord Alan Bullock. He suffers from "rather too much of his Yorkshire accent for some of senior Oxford's taste." "There is a slightly utility quality about him," one college head observed. "He is a good, durable garment, but made of somewhat inexpensive material." As for Lord Asa Briggs, forget him. He is judged to be "too short to display the chancellor's robes to best advantage."

There is a certain amount of bad conscience in the air about last year's indefensible snub. "There is much shame," reports Mr. Turner, "at the churlish fashion in which the university denied Mrs. Thatcher an honorary doctorate, and that may well affect the way they vote." One don said it bluntly, that "a vote for Heath [who hates Mrs. Thatcher] or Jenkins [whom Mrs. Thatcher opposes, in favor of Blake] might look like yet another snub to Mrs. Thatcher, who I hear was almost in tears when [last year] she spoke to the vice chancellor after being turned down." This don thinks that perhaps the Oxford community will vote to redress that slight. "On the other hand," he reflects, "one doesn't want to suck up to the government."

Clare Boothe Luce should write another play. *The Dons*. She wouldn't need to change all that many lines. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Its specter is in the news again
W A T E R G A T E
138 117 78 191 35 181 93 16 151

B. Quarantine
I S O L A T I O N
102 21 112 141 165 29 127 74 6

C. Halifax is its capital
N O V A S C O T I A
62 155 106 186 28 149 176 4 45 130

D. Seismologist's grist (2 words)
S H O C K W A V E S
128 56 12 32 185 65 169 152 22 98

E. Craving for pop?
T H I R S T
189 40 70 154 99 133

F. Antiquated
O B S O L E T E
109 50 187 8 90 157 24 61

G. Capital of Kenya
N A I R O B I
156 192 25 108 139 75 92

H. Shoemaker's favorite kind of street
C O B B L E S T O N E
68 174 95 111 27 41 57 193 3 13 153

I. Mr. Schwinn's style of mustache
H A N D L E B A R
147 88 23 142 115 100 11 161 190

J. Not much missed
U N L A M E N T E D
31 119 150 178 9 135 81 60 160 44

K. Turncoats
R E N E G A D E S
162 184 46 116 2 97 132 148 15

L. One kind of Row
C A N N E R Y
63 188 103 124 14 177 91

M. Noted playboy! (full name)
H U G H H E F N E R
173 140 82 134 66 36 104 121 19 51

N. Smokestack, for one
I N D U T R Y
80 163 101 86 55 33 182 10

O. Form of state-run gambling
L O T T E R Y
126 107 39 166 18 30 49

P. Chances for outfielders
L I N E R S
89 167 136 58 118 71

Q. Mortal span
L I F E
164 52 110 144 85

R. Absolute destruction
A N N I H I L A T I O N
84 168 175 120 129 54 76 26 145 1 42 179

S. The Regent liked his park
N A S H
59 171 158 79

T. "Knotty" relative
G R A N N Y
125 48 72 172 83 113

U. Irish trouble spot
U L S T E R
34 143 114 53 183 87

V. Remedy
A N T I D O T E
47 131 146 67 180 37 7 77

W. Decorate a Caesar?
G A R N I S H
122 105 43 73 96 170 17

X. Like certain Keeblers
E L F I S H
123 159 38 137 20 69

1 R I		2 K G	3 H O	4 C T		5 Q I	6 B N	7 V T	8 F O		9 J M	10 N Y		11 I B	12 D O	13 H N	14 L E	15 K S		16 A T
17 W H	18 O E		19 M E	20 X S	21 B S	22 D E	23 I N	24 F T	25 G I	26 R A	27 H L		28 C S	29 B T	30 O R	31 J U	32 D C	33 N T	34 U U	35 A R
36 M E		37 V O	38 X F		39 O T	40 E H	41 H E		42 R O	43 W R	44 J D	45 C I	46 K N	47 V A	48 T R	49 O Y		50 F B	51 M R	52 Q I
53 U T	54 R I	55 N S	56 D H		57 H S	58 P E	59 S N	60 J T	61 F E	62 C	63 L C	64 Q E		65 D W	66 M H	67 V I	68 H C	69 X H		70 E I
71 P S		72 T A		73 W N	74 B O	75 G B	76 R L	77 V E		78 A T	79 S H	80 N I	81 J N	82 M G		83 T N	84 R A	85 Q T	86 N U	87 U R
88 I A	89 P L	90 F L	91 L Y		92 G I		93 A A	94 Q M		95 H B	96 W I	97 K A	98 D S	99 E S	100I E	101N D		102B I	103L N	
104M F	105W A	106C V	107O O	108G R		109F O	110Q F		111H B	112B O	113T Y	114U S		115I L	116K E	117A A	118P R	119J N	120R I	121M N
122W G		123X E	124L N	125T G	126O L	127B I	128D S	129R H		130C A	131V N	132K D		133E T	134M H	135J E	136P N		137X I	
138A W	139G O	140M U	141B L	142I D		143U L	144Q E	145R T		146V T	147I H	148K E		149C C	150J L	151A E	152D V	153H E	154E R	
155C O	156G N	157F E	158S S		159X L	160J E	161I A	162K R	163N N		164Q L	165B A	166O T	167P I	168R N		169D A	170W S		171S A
172T N		173M H	174H O	175R N	176C O	177L R		178J A	179R N	180V D		181A G	182N R	183U E	184K E	185D K		186C A	187F S	
188L A		189E T	190I R	191A E	192G A	193H T														

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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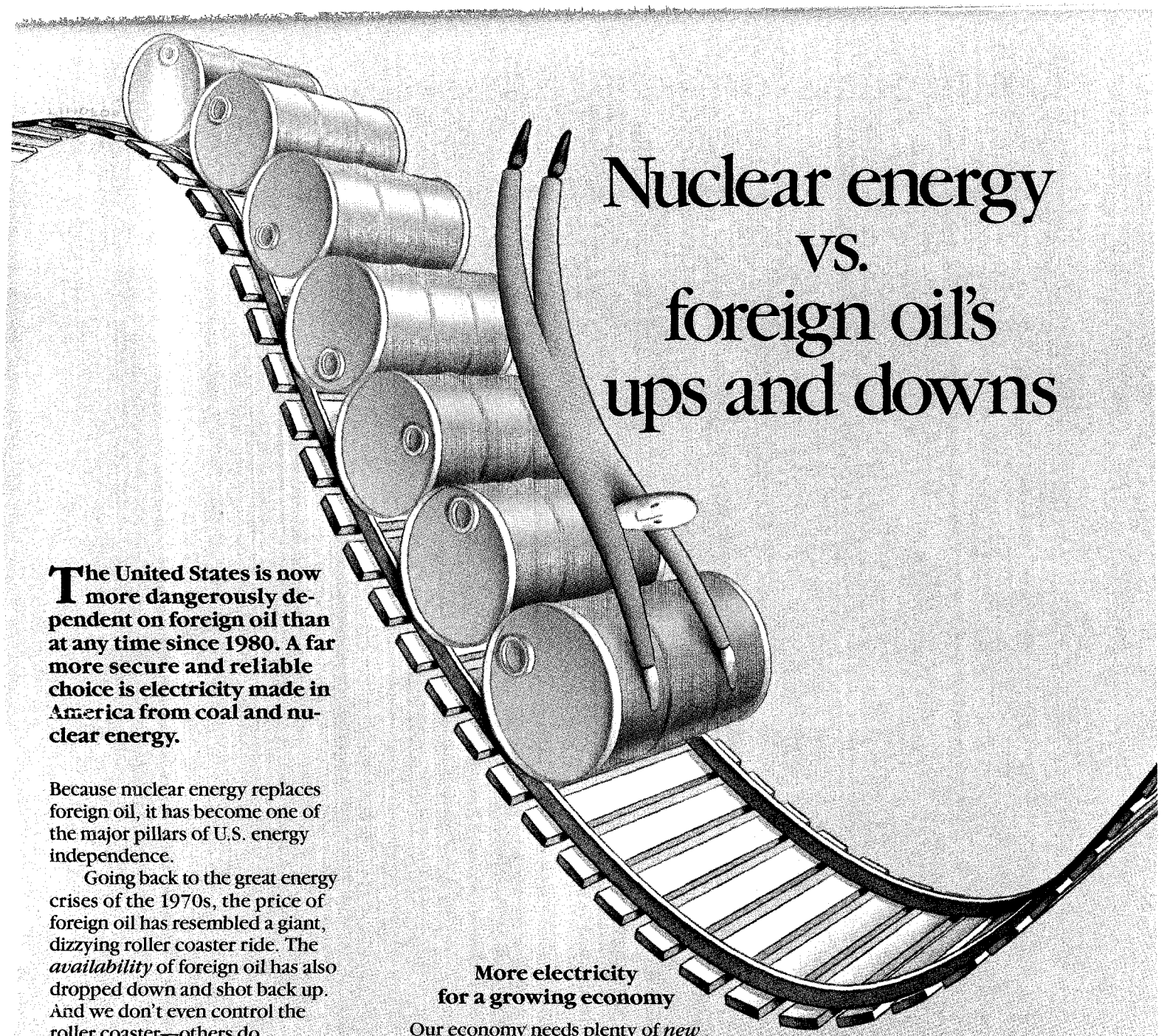

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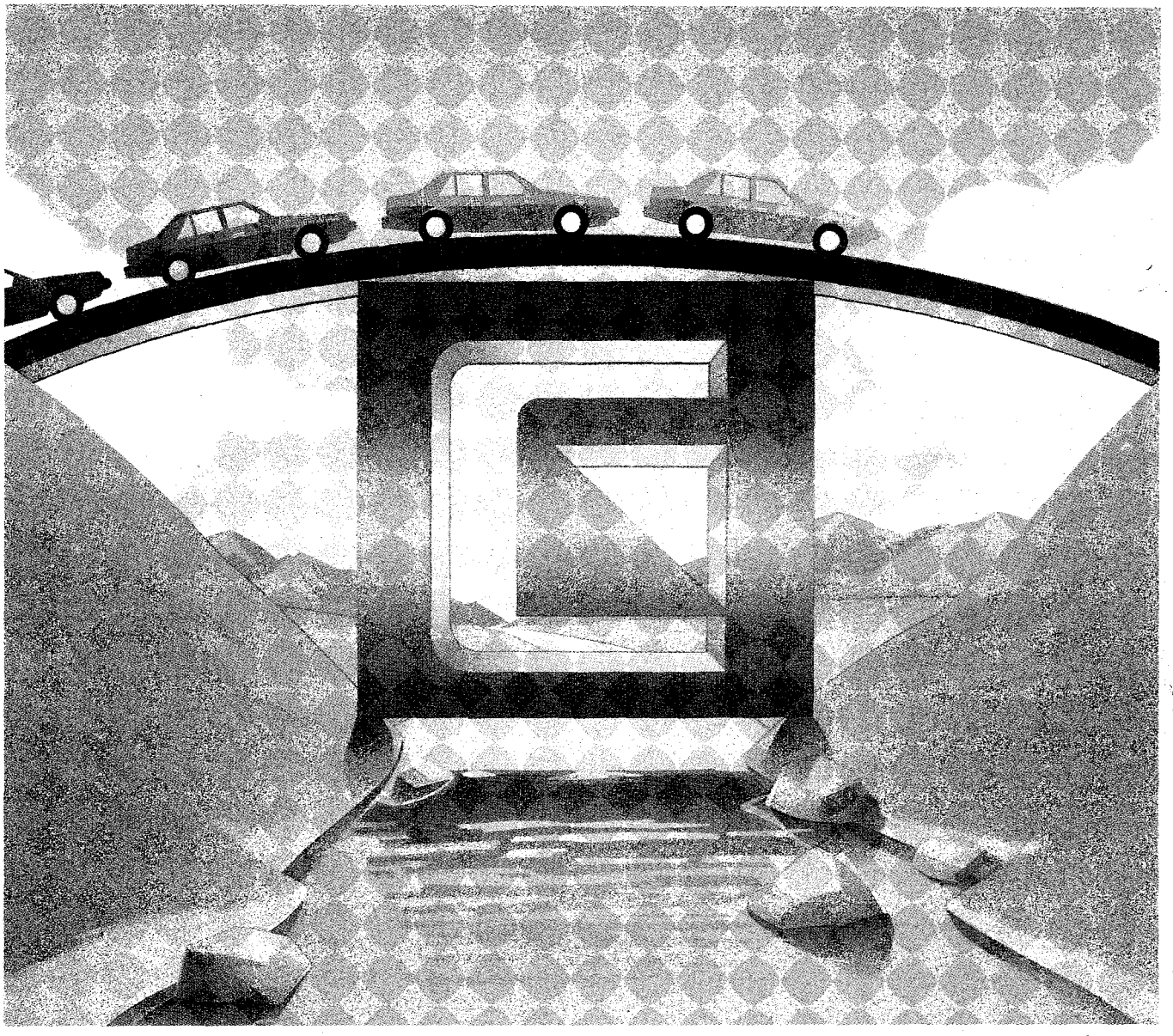

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